

THE VOYAGEUR

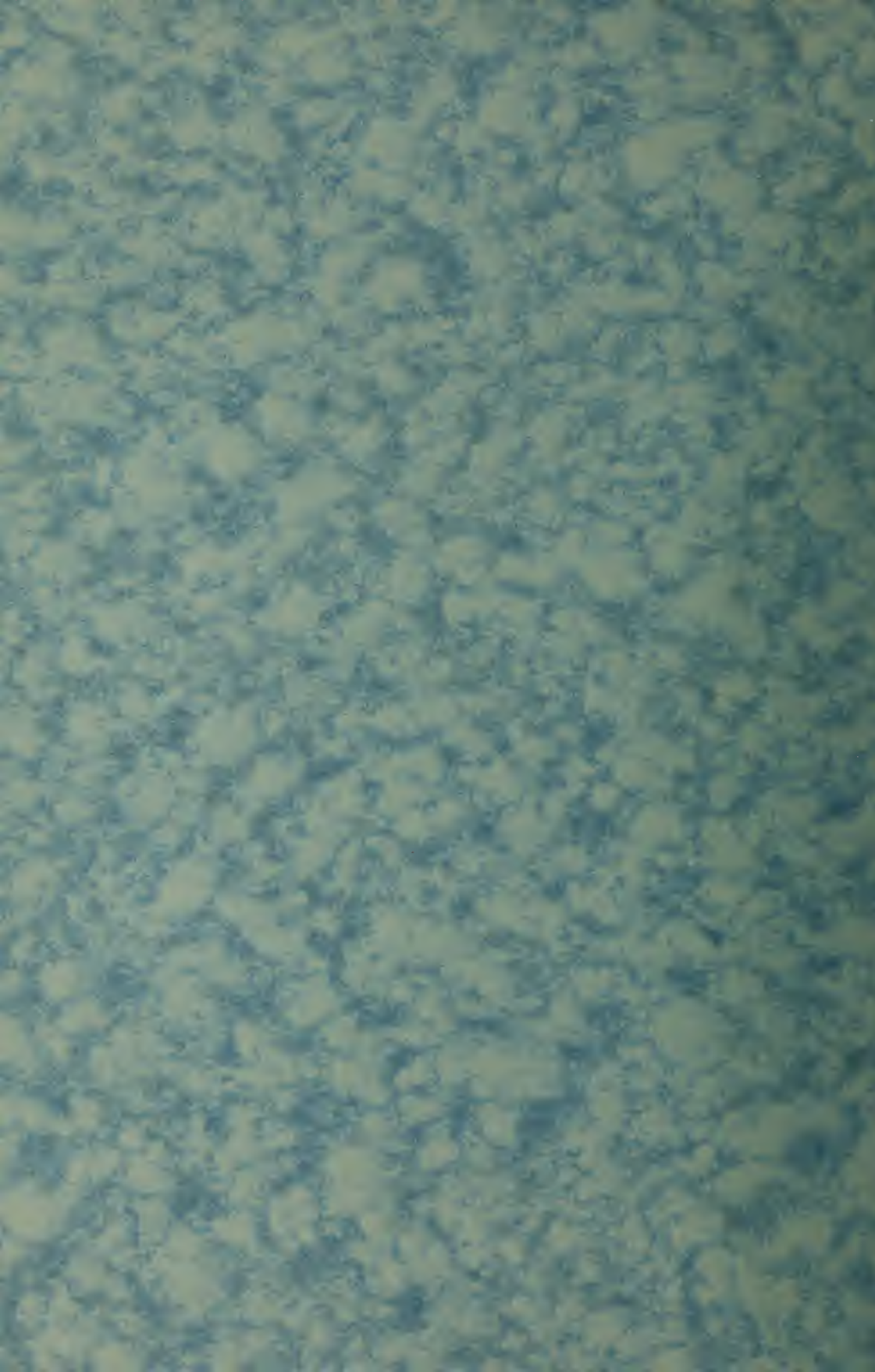
May - 1929

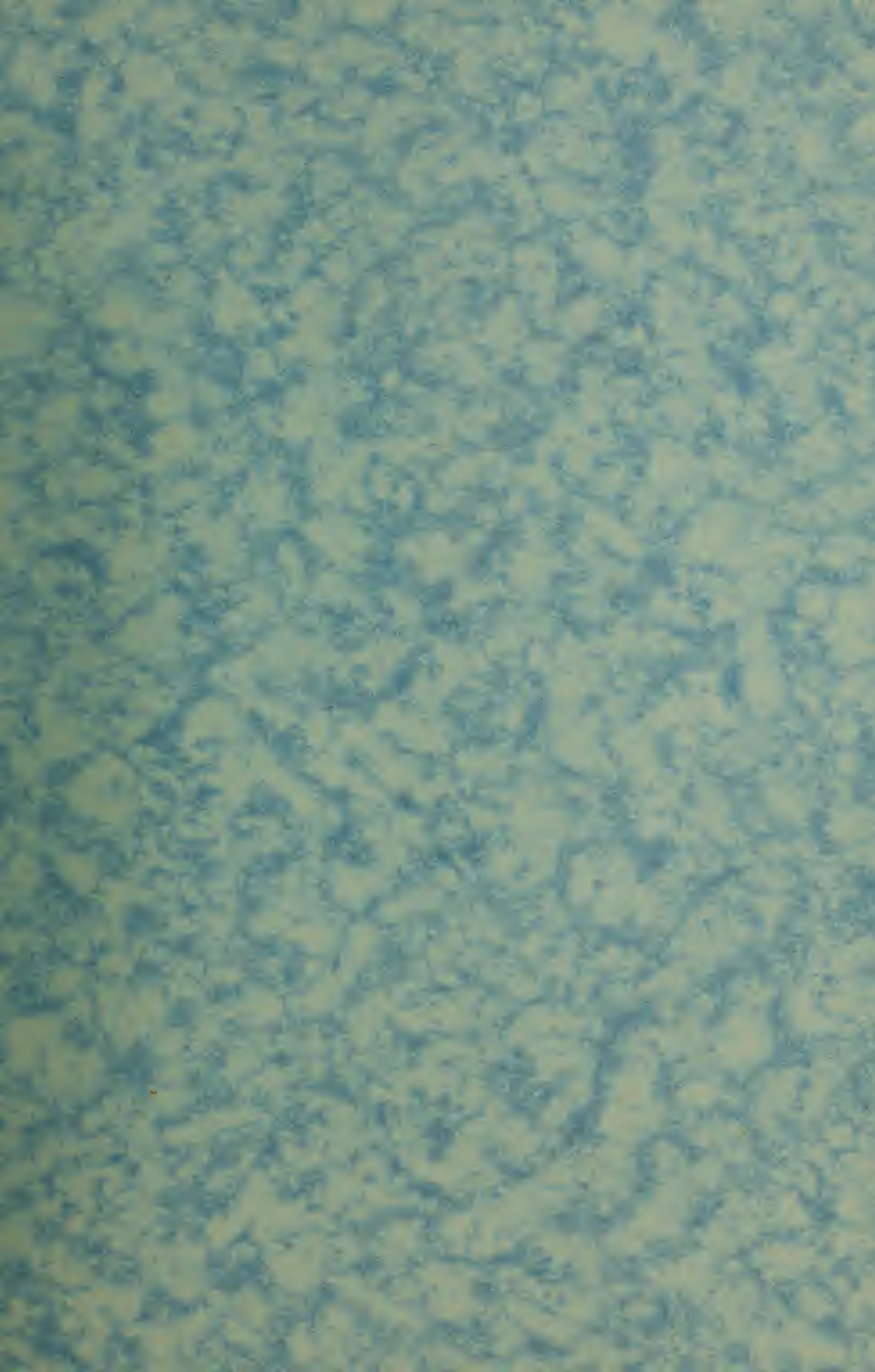
Volume 2

Number 1



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THE REGISTRAR, TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO 5

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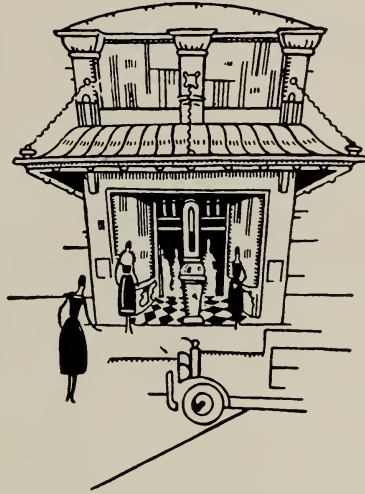
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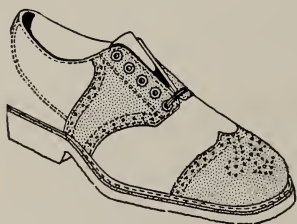
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THE VOYAGEUR

May - 1929

Volume 2

Number 1



PICKERING COLLEGE
NEWMARKET
ONTARIO



PICKERING COLLEGE
(Looking north towards Newmarket)

(BY ROBERT ROSS, PICKERING COLLEGE)

THE VOYAGEUR

May, 1929

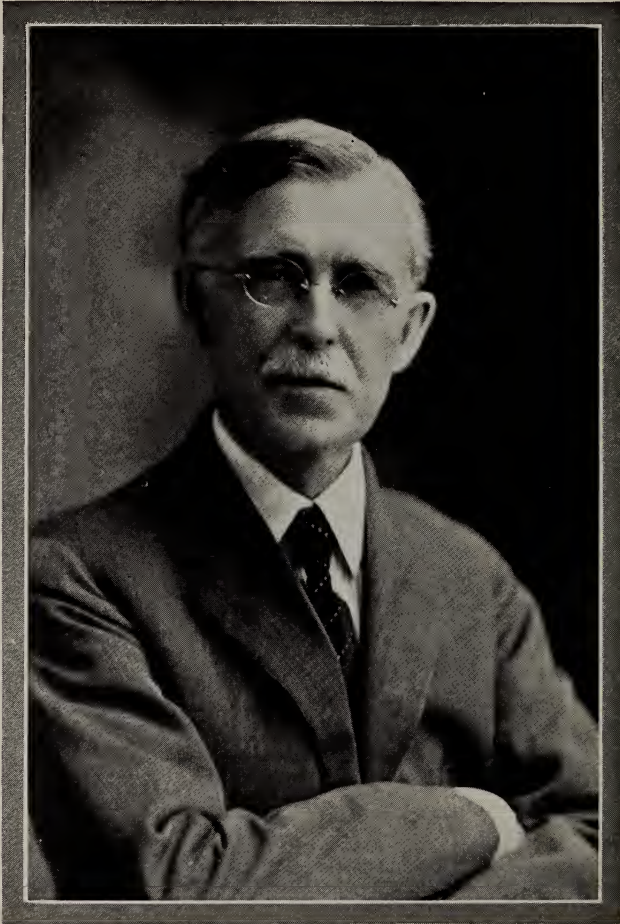
VOLUME 2

NUMBER 1

*Published by the Staff and Students of Pickering College
Newmarket, Ontario, Canada*

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ALBERT S. ROGERS, ESQ.

(Chairman, Board of Management, Pickering College)

Dedication

1 1 1

THIS volume is most affectionately dedicated to Mr. Albert S. Rogers, the present chairman of the Board of Management of the College, who, throughout the course of a long and busy career has been closely associated with the school, and to whose vision and energy the re-opening of the school and its present operation is entirely due.





JOSEPH McCULLEY, B.A.

Headmaster

A Personal Word

This, the second volume of "The Voyageur" goes to press just at the close of the second year of the operation of Pickering College under its present plan.

When the school was re-opened in September, 1927, it was with certain very definite ideals in the minds of its sponsors. Chief among these was the desire to conduct on an old and worthy foundation a boy's residential school in which the outlook should be as closely as possible in harmony with the best tendencies of present day Canadian life. It was also desired to put into practice certain of the results of the modern educational movement which had been tested in both England and the United States. Towards the attainment of both these ideals we feel that considerable progress has been made and towards the future we look forward most hopefully for the fuller expression of these dreams which actuated the Chairman of the Board and those associated with him.

For the loyal co-operation of the whole staff during the past two years I cannot sufficiently express my thanks; for the confidence of parents and the hearty co-operation of the student body in our endeavours I am most profoundly grateful. Confidence and loyalty are among the finest of tonics and it is these two factors which have enabled us to achieve what has already been accomplished and which inspire us for the years that lie ahead.

Of the general character of our school life the material in this volume gives a representative picture; our academic results at the last June examinations were most encouraging, 75% of our candidates being successful on the total number of papers written. Of the solidity of our first year's work these results speak and we feel certain that in the coming Matriculation tests the school will set a still worthier standard for future classes.

Finally, may I take this opportunity of thanking the editorial staff and all those who have had any share in re-creating in this issue of our school magazine some of those incidents and activities which have made the past year such an enjoyable one.

Jos. McCulley,



It was in this building at Pickering, Ontario, that the work of the school was carried on for many years. On its destruction by fire in 1905, a site was chosen at Newmarket and the present commodious building opened in 1909.



The Staff

Editor-in-Chief—H. BAYNE CUMMER

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Spring

SPRING is here! Past are our frigid vigils in an Arctic cot, past the gloomy sorties through a Polar blast at the beginning of our day's endeavour! At every turn we meet fresh evidences of spring's benign presence. The fly, her unfailing harbinger, has heralded her arrival from every hidden niche. The Venetian canals in our streets, the mud-strewn corridors of our homes are mute testimonies to the death of winter. Finally, the interment of our racoon coats and the resurrection of the remnants of our lighter garments which the moths have kindly spared, have removed the last doubt that Jack Frost has relinquished his supremacy to the kindlier Zephyrs, the Plutonian realm to mother Ceres.

Let us then rejoice, for the choicest season of the year is back again. Let the thick incrustations of the sombre past drop from our souls to give us freedom to enjoy a kindlier future. Just as the latent powers have lain, stored up within the seed to thrive more abundantly when the genial warmth unloosens the encasing coat, so have we been bound by the hampering confines of Despondency that we may revel more wantonly through the wide expanses of Joy. The world is fresh about us; growth has burst her torpid haunts and infused all nature with her seething vigour. May we also mount to the utmost bounds of cherished dreams and forge ahead with newborn inspiration, eager to carry to a majestic fruition the protoplasmic urge of the Creator's plan.

—H. B. C.

Wider Horizons

SINCE we are living somewhat aloof in our own separate community, there is a tendency for us to ignore the great events that are taking place in the world outside us. Our own immediate interests assume so great proportions in our perspective that we forget we in the future will be called upon to face intelligently the stupendous problems that harass nations, cause international strife, and create irreparable grievancees. Most of the mistakes that nations have made have arisen from the fact that the majority of their citizens have been too engrossed in their own petty affairs to give a thought to the wider interests of the state. Let us then prepare ourselves, now that we have the time and the opportunity to develop a broad, unprejudiced outlook, to assume the full responsibilities of the citizenship that is ours.

One of the greatest condemnations that has been made of the modern age is that our social evolution has not kept pace with our scientific development. Mediaeval selfishness has persisted, and has acquired powers of alarming proportions. Wealth is becoming more and more concentrated on the few who have the peculiar ability to amass it and to exploit it; poverty oppresses the masses and denies to the pauper one of the basic rights of man, the right of moderated self-expression. Nations squander their resources on war, inflate their citizens with self-destructive patriotism, and defy the unfailing retribution reserved by nature for those who flaunt her eternal laws. Yet reform, slow to perform her titanic changes, is slowly moulding the fabric of the nations' wants, and seers in every country are awakening to the far-off visions of a land where men shall live as brothers, and happiness, like the gentle beams of the calm moon, shall bathe the people of the world in radiance of joy and understanding.

—H. B. C.

The Graduates

HOCKEY and basketball seasons are over. Rugby is only reminiscent. Now comes warm weather, baseball, tennis, and—the stiff silence of examination time with wailings and moanings of the futility of cramming in these last, sultry hours. Examinations will come and go, but one thing that will not go is the memory of Pickering.

It is all right for those, who are going to return to go away for the summer with gay farewells. But those that will no longer participate in Pickering's activities are not so gay in bidding their adieux. Those that probably will never see the Colonial pillars of our school again, have no small lot in leaving forever.

Bright days are with us at last. We lie on the grass studying, play tennis and baseball in the bright, warm sun. We take part in the closing exercises, pack up and leave. You, who are returning, can leave without emotion. Occasions such as that of Davison, plunging through for a touchdown; of Peace stick-handling up the ice for a goal; of Mason scoring innumerable baskets; of our defeats also; of the revelry of our At-Home; these are yours for a while longer, but to us they are lost. We will only be able to hear the faint starting of P-I-C-K-E- and then everything will be lost in a dream. It will only be the locomotive yell in that, it will take us to distant thoughts.

Inasmuch as we do not like to think of it, we must depart, only hoping that some day we may return to see the school, the campus, the surroundings where once we spent so many enjoyable days.

—L.B.

Random Comment

A NEW custom has been introduced this year in the holding of formal dinners at which addresses were given by distinguished speakers. Mrs. Shore, Mr. and Mrs. Widdrington, and Mr. Blackstock supplemented the programme by musical selections. We were pleased to entertain friends of the school on these occasions. The first of these events was in honor of Mr. Robson who spoke of his varied experiences on his world-wide travels. Canadian poetry gained our high esteem when Mr. Pratt told us in verse exciting adventures of Newfoundland's sealing fleet. In all, the formal dinners were extremely successful, and happy memories will always remain in our minds.

Illustrated lectures were given by Mr. Geldart on Y.M.C.A. work in Korea; Mr. Crocker on the importance of the Olympic games; and Mr. McKechnie on the pictorial story of evolution.

Dramatic interest was fostered by the play of "Julius Caesar" at the Royal Alexander, and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" presented by the Hart House Company at the Newmarket High School, which the Matriculation students attended.

The whole school was present at the skating carnival given by the members of the Granite Club at the Newmarket Arena in aid of the Hospital Fund.

To Lady Eaton, we are indebted for the visit of M. Confidat whose amusing antics entertained and acquainted us with a short cut to modern languages.

A new insight into the meaning of art was gained when Mr. Lismer conducted some thirty of the students through the Grange Art Gallery, on the trip to Mr. Scott Malcolm's recital. We will also remember this occasion by our meal in the Great Hall at Hart House.

The Fifth Form Biology class wishes to express its grateful thanks to the donor of the splendid specimen of the feline tribe, whose appearance and fragrance quite overcame the ardent devotees of science in their dissection.

The Matriculation "victims" of last June would like to express their appreciation of the fine way in which Brother Anselm, the Presiding Officer conducted the final examinations.

Much valuable advice and assistance was gained from the vocational talks, for which Mr. Statten arranged last spring.

THE congratulations of the students of Pickering are extended most heartily to our former Chemistry Master, Arthur Williamson. "Art" has for the past year been pursuing his studies at Princeton with a view to obtaining his doctorate in Chemistry. Last season his work was of such a high calibre that he was awarded the "Dunlop Fellowship." Besides its considerable monetary value, this fellowship is no mean honour and represents a high standard of scholastic attainment. We are all very proud of Art, and we know that this is only the beginning.

There has been a great deal of criticism about the modern generation, and most of it is certainly justified. Young fellows nowadays seem to have lost that sense of balance which was such an outstanding characteristic of the last generation. Our fathers knew how to handle the old buck-board wagon even on Fair Days and during "Old Home Week." To-day, youth is in a class of bungling incompetence by itself, and can't even manipulate a modern gas wagon on a county road without causing concern on every hand. The only solution is for some real old time preacher to give the youth a rousing exhortation. A suggested text is, "Go ye out into the highways and the byways and compel them to come in."

A recent visitor to the school was Mr. Poul Bai, Toronto Conservatory of Music. After dinner he provided a varied vocal programme which was heartily appreciated. His informality of manner and keen sense of humour delighted his youthful audience who are clamouring for a speedy return of this outstanding Toronto vocalist.

Under the able coaching of Mr. Rourke and "Blackie" preparations are well under way for a track and field meet on Monday, June 3rd. The grounds should look their best and it is hoped that the weather-man will favour us so that the visitors will enjoy this spring "at-home" to the utmost.

A team from the school will compete at the Barrie Inter-scholastic meet on June 8th. With such material as we have already in condition and with new stars coming into our horizon the school should make a good showing.



STAFF AND STUDENTS, PICKERING COLLEGE
Spring Term 1929

Needed—An Educational Revolution

(Being a resumé of an article of the same name by Roger W. Babson)

THE commercial world is well acquainted with the periodical reports of Roger W. Babson and business men in all walks of life are accustomed to listen to his advice as one who sees clearly through the maze of conflicting tendencies and varied avenues of thought of this modern gradually-changing world; consequently a pronouncement on education by him is listened to with more than usual interest. Babson was appointed by Governor Fuller of Massachusetts as a member of the Special Commission on Municipal Undertakings and Expenditures and while working on this commission, he was able to check up on a subject which, he says, has been uppermost in his mind. While his conclusions are based on the school systems of the United States, it is most probable that his general conclusions apply with almost equal force to Canada, since, in so many ways, our cultural development is related to that of the country to the south of us. Briefly his conclusions point to the school systems of the United States as the chief single item of municipal expenditure and the care of the unfit to be the chief item of state expenditure and he feels that the inefficiency of the school system is the reason why the principal expense of the States is to take care of those whom the municipalities have been unable to make self-supporting. His chief criticism is that the school system of America is a great machine with no real goal, running along conventional lines but so big that no one dares to interfere with it. When he asks leaders in the educational field what is the real purpose of the endless chain,—kindergarten training, primary schools, secondary schools and college, he gets very diversified answers, if any. Children go because they have to and most mothers find a large measure of satisfaction in having a place to “park” their children for a certain number of hours each day.

Babson feels that the future of the country depends more on the school system than any other single organization. It has the equipment, the power of support through taxation and an able and earnest staff but it lacks a definite goal. In his mind, this should be,—to prepare young people to be useful and happy parents, citizens and neighbors. This means having them graduate healthy, intelligent, but—most important of all,—with a desire to be of service. He feels that the courses, curriculum and examinations should be based on this definite goal and results, as demonstrated by the graduates’ later life checked in order to see that the school system is accomplishing the purpose for which it exists.

He recommends three fundamental changes. The first of these is that more attention should be given to character development. Some may call this the spiritual side of life, others may call it the ethical side. Certainly it does not mean that theology should be taught, or any denominational creed. It must be done in a way to command the co-operation of Catholics, Protestants, Hebrews and others. All these groups, however, could agree on the teaching that there is a God, and that He has a purpose and method of work. I believe that all groups would agree to the teaching of the Ten Commandments and certain other fundamentals of life. *Whatever the methods used, it is of primary importance that young people be graduated only when they have the right motives, purposes and ambitions, and that the chief work should be to develop these fundamental forces which make or break men and nations.*

The second required change is that each grade should be sub-divided into three grades, according to the physical, intellectual and spiritual advancement of the student. Some are naturally "bright" but with weak physique, which always handicaps them unless given special attention. Others are strong physically, but have no principles of conduct and, if not led into right channels, will use the knowledge we give them to destroy instead of to upbuild. Others have deep religious feelings and need to have these balanced with facts and good common sense. The very act of examining these students each year as to these three different features and then re-arranging them the next year according to their respective needs, would go a long way toward accomplishing the desired end. Moreover, such segregation need add no expense to our educational system. We now have the necessary rooms, equipment and teachers. The only requirements are a general recognition by taxpayers, parents, teachers and pupils, of the desired goal—plus courage.

He further recommends that teaching must be more by doing and less by recitation and lectures. There should be more laboratory work, more case-system work, accompanied by the systematic visitation of banks, hospitals, factories, stores, farms and other divisions of work, in order to help each student find out for what occupation he or she is best fitted. Of all the crimes of our present educational system the worst is the fact that 90% leave school to-day without any definite ideas as to what line of work they should enter, based upon their inherited and acquired assets. Some form of part-time study, mixed with work, may be the solution of this problem. Surely the summer vacations offer opportunities for young people to find out for what they are best fitted, for each could systematically spend one summer on a farm, one in a store, one at a mill and one in some professional office. Whatever the method employed, I say that the third required change is so to shape the work that students will discover for themselves and know what they want to do when they graduate.

When making the above changes we must be practical. This may mean that the changes must start with the colleges and universities. It will be very difficult for the schools to make the necessary changes until the changes are made higher up, for again I say the teachers are but cogs in a machine designed by college people and operated to prepare for college. When, however, the colleges adopt these changes, the cities and towns will quickly fall into line. This means that the appeals of parents and taxpayers should be made to the colleges and universities. As, however, these higher institutions are very dependent upon state appropriations, it should be comparatively easy to reach them with such a just cause.

It seems as if such an appeal, properly made, would be welcomed. In their hearts college presidents and professors know that they are not accomplishing what they would like to accomplish. They realize that happiness, efficiency and good citizenship are largely synonymous, and that one cannot long exist without the others. They know that to qualify along these three important lines, young people must be well rounded as well as well grounded. They must be healthy and able to earn a good living as well as be good students, and above all, they must have character. But the colleges themselves seem bound by tradition, and unlike other great organizations, find it difficult to change and get up-to-date. *Still, if the country is to survive, something radical must be done. Our country cannot long continue with material progress so far in advance of physical, intellectual and spiritual progress.*

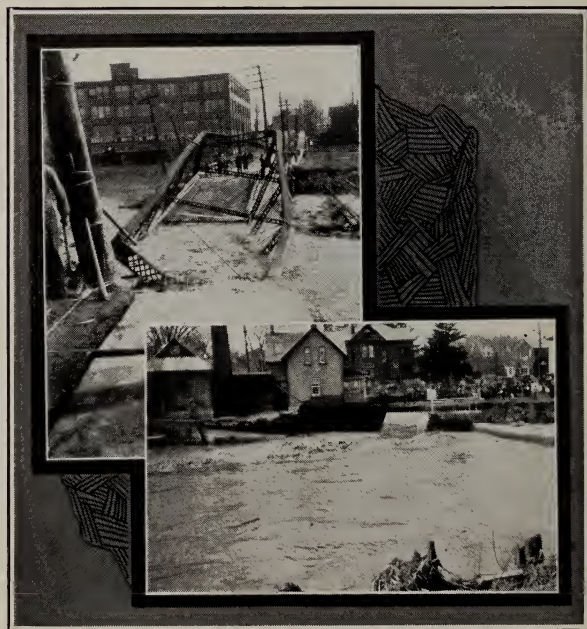
It is unnecessary for us to make much comment on Babson's conclusions. If education is the creation of attitudes and if pupils are to be prepared for life in the complex civilization of the Twentieth Century, it is very evident that leaders in the commercial and industrial world must be prepared to give more consideration to the problem of education than many of them have yet shown any willingness to do. Character attitudes are paramount and it is only as the schools create in their pupils balance and a wholesome attitude to the life in which they must take a part that they can be said to be really accomplishing their fundamental aim of preparing young people to be "useful and happy parents, citizens and neighbors."

—J. McC.

True Friends

*When you tire of these earthly pleasures,
And the fast-moving life, seek the secluded realms
Of comfort given in music and books,
These shall never turn against you,
When old ideals give place to new,
They, although you are deserted, will always be true.*

—JACK G.



The flood and broken bridge at Newmarket—Caused by the heavy rains of April 5th and 6th.—Snaps by J. McC.

School Committee



Standing—H. BAYNE CUMMER, LLOYD BELL, JOS. McCULLEY, DONALD CLARK,
J. STIRLING MASON.

Sitting—GORDON E. KERNOHAN, MILTON DAVISON, G. N. T. WIDDRINGTON, VERNON
OILLE (Chairman), T. C. SHORE, JAMES M. PEACE, KENNETH A. COWAN.

During the first year all matters of student government were handled by a joint committee of students and staff. The student members were elected at the beginning of each term and the chairman also was elected by the whole student body. The system worked out satisfactorily and has been continued in use during the past year. The committee has met regularly every week during the year and has directed all school activities outside the class-room. (On occasions it has even made suggestions in this sphere by which we feel certain the general efficiency of the work has been improved.—Ed. Note.) Its decisions have met with the approval of the student body and to the members is due the thanks of the school for the conscientious manner in which they have approached their tasks and for the fine leadership they have given in all phases of our school life.

Our Deeper Moments

THE word "religion" has so often been associated with the doctrines, teachings and rituals of the established churches that it has lost in the eyes of many its true meaning, for religion is primarily man's desire to harmonize himself with the divine purpose that animates life. When considered in its broadest sense, religion plays a significant part in most of our daily activities. On Sunday, however, we are accustomed to give a little more thought to the basic fundamentals of life, and thus set it apart somewhat as a period of recreation and meditation.

By the Seniors, an hour every Sunday morning is devoted to the discussion of religious topics. During the fall term, under the leadership of Mr. Statten, the older senior group discussed the various aspects of the ideal religion. In the spring term, the creeds of the non-Christian faiths, also the fundamental doctrines of the Christian denominations and sects were considered under the leadership of Mr. McCulley. Socialism as a practical application of Christianity was briefly studied. The younger seniors also formed a group for the discussion of practical religious problems.

At the Chapel service in the evening, speakers have been obtained with wide experience and with varying points of view. Christ, the man was vividly portrayed by Doctor Grant, Headmaster of Upper Canada College. Beauty in art and in life was the theme of the address given by Mr. Lismer, of the Ontario College of Art. Judge Mott of the Toronto Juvenile Court spoke of the opportunities that life offered to the resourceful.

Among the other speakers whose talks inspired and helped us were Messrs. Henderson, Smith, Cook, Poole, Meickle and Lautenslager. Nor may we forget our Headmaster, eloquent in his sincerity, or the witty Bob, harmonizing the causes of Science and Religion.

Thus, we have approached our religious activities in a spirit of endeavour, a desire to form, each in his own particular way, a philosophy of life and ethics that should be in essence the expression of all the beauty, all the joy and all the love that we revere.

—H. B. C.

Escaped

He had disappeared. Vanquished by his chief weakness, he left no trace in fulfilling his curious caprice. What made him leave at such a time as this when his profession necessitated his presence immediately. Surely he had some reason for such an escapade and not merely that alluring call that he had been unable to resist so often. And not a—— What! a clue! a note: "All those desiring help in Algebra, sign below. I will return at ten o'clock."

Yet he came not. Sold for a mess of Pottage!

An Increasing Purpose

ONE cannot address a splendid body of young men as it was my privilege to do last November without having many after thoughts of what he said or wished he had said. But when you were good enough to ask me to write a summary, giving me at the same time all the license necessary to make up for a forgetful memory, this adds another opportunity to my former privilege.

“For I doubt not through the ages an increasing purpose runs

And the thoughts of men are broadened with the process of the suns.”

It is well for us, young and old, to hold constantly sacred in our minds the above passage if we are to keep in step with the present day. Whatever the past has been, to-day is the time of evolution but not the revolt of youth. Frequently we have brought to our attention from various sources, the so-called dangers, and even the decay, it is said, of the modern time. The present is compared with the past to its disadvantage and we are told that the golden age is behind. Are the above sentiments true to fact? Is the golden age of opportunity behind? What is our present status?

If we were to compare the present time with that of a generation or so ago, we would find some marked changes in process. Then society was made up to strata or divisions, each with its own ideal varying in degree,—more or less. There was the laborer, artisan, merchant and professional man. These classes had their own traditions, conventions for conduct and codes of requirements; some common to all, others specially serving their own strata. These in turn were built upon the principles incorporated in the Ten Commandments. The parent had a powerful stimulus for control of home in the statement “What would the neighbors say?” Many of these conventions and traditions were almost racial.

In comparison with the past, what are our conditions today? The above strata and old landmarks or guards for conduct do not hold. They seem to have lost their value. Almost every tradition, convention, landmark is doubted and even, the authority of religion itself is sometimes questioned. The traditional wisdom of our forefathers is no longer sufficient to meet their needs in guiding the youth of today.

The modern parent finds himself in an awkward position. If he were to use force to make his child follow traditions of his home, to worship at some shrine, to follow the same ideal, he starts a cleavage that will eventually widen and produce a difference he is wishing to avoid. Frequently the press and the world tells him that the parents are making a mess of things. This, in turn, adds to his problem rather than its solution, for the child is conscious of this criticism.

A casual observer cannot help but notice that the present is a new day of marked complexity. The application of modern invention to a society commercialised in many ways, creates a new-day of speed-up thinking and action. The daily press in place of a weekly; the moving picture in place of the book read, causing the mind to absorb stimula in 30 minutes, that one used to absorb over a period of one week; the radio stimulating with the wide spread of its contact; the motor car speeding our ideal of motion; all these affecting our thinking and expression. The economic condition, the increase of the average span of life, all the above, have suddenly forced themselves into our

social life, creating new conditions, more complex and difficult for both parent and child. Is it not these new conditions that parents find thrust upon them that is causing the new problems? And to them, does not the child respond more readily than the parent?

I am persuaded that many a parent finds himself in a foreign environment suddenly realizing the new condition and also feels his inability to meet it. I am also firmly convinced that many a parent is honestly trying to meet these new conditions but finds them beyond him. He is more in need of aid than criticism.

The aid is at hand. The help is present. It is none other than our young men and women, who perhaps under the first influence of the new time also had their difficulty in adjusting, but who today are honestly, earnestly and intelligently meeting the problems, giving guidance to many a parent and are charting the way over the troubled seas of modern complex society.

If the above is a fair statement of conditions, today is the golden age; today youth with its power of interpreting the new ideal, aided by counsel of parent, stimulated with a self consciousness of its own power, will surely and safely meet the new situation. It is the day of evolution of youth and never before has youth had that wonderful opportunity of blazing the new trail for the future welfare of society and "I doubt not through the ages an increasing purpose runs and the thoughts of men are broadened with the process of the suns."

JUDGE MOTT,
Toronto Juvenile Court.



*Part of Map and Sketching Exhibit.
December 8, 1928.*



DEATH! He arose from his chair and walked into his office at the back of the courtroom. The man had murdered and now the sentence was passed. It was the law of man. He removed the white powdered wig and black shiny robes of his profession. He would not have to put them on again for at least another two months, which he would spend at some mountain resort, after his long winter of deciding the fate of criminals.

He had never fallen in all his years of mountain climbing and felt assured that to-day he would be able to reach the peak without any mishap and gaze out upon the world which had been so kind to him. The ledge was narrow, barely a foothold, but with his rope securely tied to a projecting piece of granite he slowly felt his way along. The slight movement of a stone under his foot, a painful jerk on his waist and he was hanging in mid air. A slight breeze began to swing his suspended body ever so slightly but increasing a fraction of an inch at every rise. Far below a white thread told of a fast flowing river hurrying toward the sea and up above, the rope was slowly beginning to fray on the sharp granite ledge. He was alone, help would never reach him in this desolate solitude and it would be only a case of minutes before the rope would become too thin to support his weight. His sentence was passed. Death!

He had often wondered how a man felt before he died. He had always imagined himself cold and stiff with fear at its approach, but now he had only a slight feeling of despair at having to leave all the beauties that were stretched out before him. It was slightly chilly up so high, higher even than the eagle on whose back he could see the sun reflecting, as it slowly soared over the valley in hopes of seeing some food for its young.

He remembered the story of the two lovers who were caught in the mountain, but by chopping holes in the ice, were able to escape from its cruel clutches. No author's hand could save him from the cold grey rocks below and sharp beak and talons of the ever watchful eagle.

Was he right in convicting the slayer of young Robinson? Would he have killed the man who stole his wife. His wife, probably climbing the side of some small hill with his little son and an experienced guide, would be laughing at the antics of the mountain sheep which were so tame in the reserve. And he, all alone, with death drawing closer at every swing. An uncompleted swing and a deafening roar. It was the law of nature.







· Jack R. Shields ·
· R. Douglas Cameron ·
· Bradford Clementy ·






Ralph A. Connor
Sanford Biggar
Allard J. Farewell
Stirling J. A. Mason

· CLASS OF 1928 ·

· PICKERING COLLEGE ·

· NEWMARKET, - ONTARIO ·





TO these, the members of the graduating class of 1928, "The Voyageur" extends its most sincere wishes for success, whether in business or in academic life. One, indeed, has returned for a portion of the year and his presence in our midst has added considerably in various phases of school activity—the others, we trust, will return frequently to keep in touch with those who will come after and with whom they will, no doubt, discourse on "the good old days."

Old Boys' Notes

IN this, the second year of the new Pickering College we pause to scan the horizon for those "voyageurs" who have set their sails and left us. We have missed them. We are proud of them. We congratulate them. Many have found their way back and have tied up at the old dock to say a brief "hello." (Of necessity, we must admit that they can still play a good game of rugby). We want them to know that we extend our very best wishes for their success as they sail on and on.

The eminent Alan "Dooley" Farewell has done exceptionally well at Eaton's in Toronto. He has been a circle manager for some time. We surmise that Jack Shields is tasting real life at Cornell University under cover of a course in Hotel Management. Gowan Searlett is working as hard and as cheerfully as ever with the Wentworth Radio Co., in Toronto. At the University of Toronto our old friend Ralph Connor is putting Pickering College on the map with his fine personality, while involved in the course in Dentistry. Doug. Cameron and Sanford Biggar are at the same institution. Doug. believes that all prime ministers must have a good grounding in Philosophy and History and Sandy is pursuing an Arts course. Instead of entering professional hockey, Joe Poole is working with the Fraser Dingman Co., Stock Brokers, in Toronto. We regret that he did not play hockey this year as all his time is taken up looking after the stenographers. We were somewhat surprised to hear that Al. Minnes is going to spend a few years in Kingston. However, on further investigation we learn that he is in the medical course at Queen's. Good-natured Fred Hudson went still further east to old McGill where he is grappling with the course in Arts. Diminutive Richard Latham is with the R. W. Hunt, Engineering Co., in Hamilton. He is probably overseeing some kind of work! Way down south in Havana, Cuba, Valentin Miranda and Armando Arias are working in a store "El Encanto" which is operated by Val's uncle. Armando was with us during the fall term. Douglas Doughty is doing big things at Mimico High School and we hear that Dalton Oille is playing hockey and the saxophone at Runnymede H.S. in Toronto. Foster Hopkins was attracted to O.A.C. Bradford Clements is back at Milton High School. The Imperial Oil Co., Toronto, is very fortunate to have Clarke Bain in its service. Murray Johnston is spending considerable of his time at Oakwood C.I. and it is rumoured that Theodore Hartwick is attending Jarvis C.I. sometimes. Arthur Carnegie and Walter Banham left us at Christmas. Art is attending high school in Port Perry. We extend our sympathy to Walter on the loss of his father.

Remember, Old Boys, the door is open day and night and we are always glad to see you.

MILT. D.

*In the merry, merry month of May,
I was walking in the park one day
When a pair of roguish eyes
Took me by surprise
In the merry, merry month of May.*

—BOB M.



ROYAL YORK ?



GRADUATING?



SEED TIME



LEISURE MOMENTS



LILAC TIME

1928-29



SUMMER



BROTHERLY LOVE



SMILE



SPEEDING ?



AT 15° BELOW



OUR PETER



WINTER



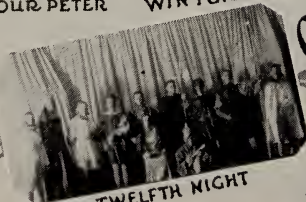
"LA GRAMMAIRE"



"T.C."



"R.H.P."



TWELFTH NIGHT

FROM
Our Snap Book
The
Memory
Lingers on



AN AFTERNOON OFF

Success and Failure

“**N**OTHING succeeds like success.” Given a good start it increases in size and momentum like a rolling snowball. It is a wholesome stimulant. Growing boys have a large appetite for it. They need large doses. They become depressed without it. It is vital for character growth. It is a grave error for teachers not to supply it in liberal quantities.

Real success involves real effort. Achievement too easily realized does not mean success. It is only attained through worthy endeavor. The clearing of a three foot hurdle by a five foot jumper does not produce the thrill of success. It is a great day in the life of a boy when the first conscious effort for a definite and worthy end is realized. Many a person can recall the times when first it dawned upon his consciousness that a definite success in a certain line was possible. The stimulus of it increased the efforts and made work a thing of pleasure.

Every adult is familiar with the humiliation and chagrin which accompanies failure. All have experienced its depressing effect. Few parents and teachers, however, realize its devastating effect on the character of youth, otherwise there would be fewer blighted personalities in the world. Success is one of the simple conditions of mental growth so often disregarded as important, probably because it is taken for granted. Failures are given more attention. They irritate and annoy parents and teachers and are given undue emphasis. They arouse the emotions of the adult and call forth exclamations of blame and suggestions of incapacity and inferiority which are apt to be accepted by children at face value. Many a boy has acquired habits of untidiness because an irritable mother has branded him as untidy. “He never puts a thing in its place. His clothes would be just where he dropped them if he did not have me to follow after him and pick them up. He is just like his father.” The boy accepts the role mother has created for him.

Expectancy, plays a large part in our lives. A child will usually try to live up or down to the standard he thinks is expected of him. The parent or teacher who refuses to lose faith in a child even in the face of evidence that is disturbing will eventually stimulate high endeavor. It is because of unfortunate training that many children acquire the feeling that they are inferior to others and not capable of doing what others can do. Naturally if a child believes that he is unable to do certain things that other children perform easily, he soon becomes conscious of this deficiency, thinks about it, worries over it and finally exaggerates it until it becomes a serious mental inhibition. Continued failure is liable to develop an unsound attitude, the shut-in personality. It may even plant seeds of mental disorder.

An extended experience of failure will lead either to giving up in despair, or what is more common, attempts to develop some defensive mechanism. The most common and general defense is to put the blame on someone else. The lessons are too hard, the examination unfair or the teacher unjust. Another defense is that of resorting to illness. A sick headache, loss of appetite, toothache, vomiting or a stomach ache may become very real and bring the much needed relief which will save the child from accepting the responsibility for his failures. The prevalent custom of offering prizes for the best work in different subjects, and the like, gives the opportunity for one or two to succeed but all the rest must necessarily fail. It would be far better to offer a reward to all

who succeeded in reaching a certain standard of excellence. Honest effort should be rewarded, whether a child stands first or last.

The teachers and parents should see to it that every child at sometime, in some way, in some object, achieves a marked success. The occasional failure is valuable too, provided the child is inspired to play the role of a good loser and not lose faith in himself. However, the successes must outweigh the failures, if the child is to develop confidence in himself and acquire the ability "to match his mental image with reality."

TAYLOR STATTON

The Initiation

*'Twas on an eve in early fall
That rumours dread, foreboding ill
To new arrivals at this hall
Ran through the dusky corridors*

*For these must come, old boys adjure
In neither garments sparsely clad
The dreaded torture to endure
At eight o'clock that very night.*

*Into the pit, with many a moan
These trembling wretches marched in file
Their captors cruel, with hearts of stone
Decreed that each must fun provide.*

*Before their elders, calm, sedate
Each one inturn essayed some stunt
Assumed the posture of the great
Or as a country maiden posed.*

*When finished was this dread ordeal
And judged the worth of each attempt
The final words their fate to seal
With solemn ritual then were said.*

*And yet, despite their ghastly fear,
This dreaded edict proved benign
A dissertation short and clear
On Pickering's new community.*

*Then each before the altar kneels
His faith to plight, allegiance vow
To old traditions, new ideals
Which form the heart of this our school.*

*The crowd dispersed; old boys to new
A hearty welcome gladly gave;
One common bond together drew
All students, members of the whole.*

—H. B. C.

A Rancher's Life

I. HEREFORD, ARIZONA



RECENTLY a friend asked, "What would you consider an ideal life?" My reply promptly was, "that of a rancher." It immediately brings to my thoughts passing glimpses of happy days. Even my introduction to the life was not prosaic. I was literally, thrown off the trans-continental, when my destination was reached. The first glimpse of Hereford brought a real thrill to me.

Hereford, a depot about as imposing as a dry-goods case, a rail-road section house transformed into an abode from a box car, with the aid of two potted geraniums, a stove with the pipe projecting through a window from which the glass had been removed. Several dirty little Mexican children were amusing themselves with an equally disreputable looking mongrel. The water tank should not be forgotten, nor should the very interesting general store. Here they carried, and if not could procure, everything the cow-puncher could desire, except the kitchen sink. What a conglomeration of useful and obsolete articles, both new and used. So complete was the stock it would make the most up to date departmental store envious. They carried windmills, wire-fencing, jewelry, Navaho rugs and saddle blankets, the most elegant Mexican saddles and vicious silver spurs, bridles, riatas or lassoes, guns, sundry staples and those large and expensive sombreros, in which the cow-puncher takes such pride. Here they would grub stake you if you are prospecting. Here the old timers gather and settle the affairs of the nation, discuss matters of life and death, horse-flesh, cattle, prohibition, and politics. If one samples the cheese or the raisins one is not severely requested to refrain. For it is taken for granted that your intentions are good. It's a general store and of the old school.

It is difficult to analyze what there is about life on a ranch that produces in one such absolute contentment and pleasure in the sheer joy of living. But I believe the secret of it all to lie in its simplicity. Sky, clearer, or more blue, cannot be found, than that which blankets Arizona. Nature has queenly ways and seems to excel in making the most barren and desolate spots throb with beauty. Even though everything else were removed from the west, except the mountains and the hazy colours, which some folks think of as nature's emotions, it would still remain beautiful. Nothing "gets you" like the unexplainable and exquisite splendour of the mountains, enshrouded in the hazes and ever changing hues of lavender, blue and soft red.

Nothing is more plain or simple than living a rancher's life, riding miles and miles over the range, to a different section each day, always alert to detect anything out of the ordinary, possibly brands altered by cattle thieves, or need for more salt or lack of water, roping, hog-tieing, branding and ear-marking the young calves while a heart broken mother looks on nearby, so distressed, that her young one should fall prey to the treacheries of man; or round-up time when all the cow-punchers go out together with the chuck-

wagon and stay out for two or three weeks and often longer. Eating frejoles (a brown Mexican bean, cooked and recooked) and black coffee, tastes like pheasant and nectar after a long hot dusty day. Then comes the triumphant return from the mountains and range; then the dipping, every head of cattle is put through an antiseptic dip, which removes all vermin. Then the shipping,—always the climax to a rather strenuous month. After the last cattle car is closed, everyone feels carefree and like making “whoopee.”

II. NACO, MEXICO

Naco, once a sedate, quaint unassuming little town has shrunk in population but increased and expanded in other directions. On almost every corner are saloons. Dance halls and gambling dens thrive by the hundreds. Little street stands are everywhere, in which disreputable looking devils trying to make a few pesos selling cigarettes, Mexican sombreros, pottery, beads, shawls and other native handiwork. Everywhere one's ears are greeted with the din of Mexican orchestras, the popping of corks and the hilarious cacophony of Americans, Mexicans and cow-boys out for a good time. But even the glamorous night life with its gayety and even the day life of Naco cannot blind the outsider to the pitiful squalor and shabbiness of the town,—the wretched hovels of adobe (sundried mud bricks) in which the people live, and the general atmosphere of poverty and the feverish grasping for every last penny to be derived from these Americanos due to the fact that, what Naco and Mexico have to offer, are forbidden in their United States.

There is something about it all that does amuse one; seeing these halls, clubs and “joints” saturated with pleasure seekers of all types; seeing the cow-punchers, in their “Levi's,” high heel boots and silver spurs, six shooters on their hips, and topped with a five gallon sombrero, lined up along the well stocked bars, feet on the rail, exchanging yarns and drinks with old cronies, or placing their last dollar on a thirty-five to one chance at roulette. Oh well, easy come, easy go, and after all, Monyana brings another day, seems to be their philosophy. The intent faces around the gambling tables each tell a different story, old, tired, worn, haggard faces, young bright attractive faces. The tired faces register “old stuff,” while the easily excitable tell also theirs, unmistakably: all in pursuit of unearned wealth. Sometimes, some who had consumed more than sufficient mesquel or tequila, start to “shoot up the place,” but that too is “old stuff.” The parties concerned are quelled and locked up until they cool down and the effect of the liquor wears off.

No matter how greatly the hectic gayety and unrestrained license of the Mexican side of the border may appeal to one, it is an inhalation of pure air to return to the United States, with its evidence of sane and steady progress. Once again at the ranch always seems like a return to another world, with its quiet, pleasant and simple atmosphere, free from contamination. Here the beauty of the surrounding mountains and blue sky can be enjoyed in its simplicity, free from the element of sordidness and the feeling of being smothered, where the breaking of a bronco is real sport, where people “are themselves” and do not cater to conventions.

More happy a life could not be desired than that on a ranch, particularly in the warmth and sunshine of the great south west.

JAMES D. CANDLER.



THERE it was again! This time louder. A weeping, sobbing cry, it wailed into the still night air. From where? Ah, yes! Over the moors it seemed to come. Putting on my hat and coat I set out as fast as possible. I took the shortest route across the sands. I seemed to be running nowhere but, there! There! it was again, this time louder. The call of some unfortunate and tormented soul.

Not far distant was the deserted château. Le Château de Mort. Time and time again I had been told of the terrible tragedies which seemed to bar even the very morning air and evening shadows from entering into the depths of that forgotten château. After a short while I arrived at the base of the cliff on which the château was built. Tiny steps led the way to the great door which was bolted and barred. The portecullis was down, so I decided it was impossible to get into the place by this entrance! There! At top of the portecullis was a narrow ledge. Should I risk it? The cry inspired me. Climbing up the huge gate I swung on to the ledge and crept to a window. No light shone inside; all was still! I kicked in the flimsy glass window, it shattered into a thousand pieces and the echo sounded like a shrill laugh. Would I lose heart and go back to my house? No! I entered and struck a match.

I found myself in a large hall, the match scarcely lighting more than one third of the huge place. The floor was of marble, strewn with rugs and huge brown tapestries hung from the walls. I was, perhaps, the first person to enter this hall since the days of the early inhabitants. Dust was thick everywhere and cobwebs on an old shield showed the age of this old dungeon. I walked slowly in bewilderment over to the huge doors which extended some fifty feet into the darkness. The knobs were also covered with a thick coat of dust. What! What was that I heard? Perhaps just a breeze blowing around some high turret. It seemed to sound like a hard dry moan. Something unearthly about it seemed to stir me to action. I grabbed one of the great knobs and turned it. With a grating squeak it turned. I tugged but alas! No! the door slowly opened. The hall into which I entered was of early Norman architecture. The moon shone in on the wall with a cold grey light, like a corpse of an aged man. Slowly I crept along the dim corridor and came to a door. It was locked. An irresistible force beckoned me. I took out my knife and began to pick at the lock. It was of old and massive construction and resisted all my efforts. I gave up and retraced my steps.

There! this time softly and musically a little ripple of laughter. I was almost paralysed with fear. The noise came from the locked room. I fled to the

opposite end where a stairway led up into some lonely turret. I determined that I would not be beaten. I had ventured back some seventy five feet when I saw a door just ajar. I had missed seeing it before. It opened on to a staircase which led down into the darkness which a match could not penetrate. Oh! Oh! How can I describe that terrible inhuman face, those huge dark eyes, that parchment like skin contorted into a shapeless evil mass. It stared at me for perhaps a moment then it was gone. Would I faint? The sweat stood in beads on my brow. No wonder no one would enter this forbidden place. A spirit seemed to be tugging at my nerves, a force seemed to draw me down those cursed stairs into the vile dampness beneath. I descended step by step until at last my feet were on the level floor once more. A dim light seemed to radiate from the walls; perhaps just a physical phenomenon such as phosphorus.

The air was damp and cold and rats were running around with surprising speed. I turned and walked along another corridor. I could distinctly hear water splashing about in some dark den which branched from the main corridor. That voice. Oh! there it was again, first low then ascending into a high cackle like myriads of tiny bells. It was very loud now and seemed to come from a room close at hand. I walked on, scared. Still that evil power drew me further into those evil depths. A faint, yet star like note chimed forth from somewhere above. I shivered. It sounded like a tiny pebble falling into a crystal dish. A door confronted me and quietly turning the handle I entered.

I struck a match and found myself in a room which was small and warm. Slime covered the walls and moss and lichens clung to the broken floor. The room had a high cupboard at one end, and a table and a few old chairs at the opposite end. Really it was the most hospitable looking room I had yet seen. Although the chairs had perhaps an inch of dust on them, it seemed to be more habitable. My match burned lower and lower until darkness was choking the last light out of it. I thought I could see a form in one of the chairs. Yes, now in every chair was a human form but there were no heads on the bodies, only a collection of corpses. I felt myself burn with a dry heat. My heart beat quicker, some force held my eyes on that cupboard. Its door stirred and two eyes appeared. They grew, and grew, until they seemed to fill the place with their evil. Bells began ringing, laughter was coming from everywhere, a knife was descending. Closer, closer, it came.

A scrape! A scratch! Darkness, darkness, darkness!

J. MACDONALD.

*What is so lovely as a cloud,
More beautiful than any shroud,
More beautiful than golden sand,
Made by one eternal hand.*

*Who makes these clouds which float on high,
Across the locus of the sky?
It must be some great God or Spirit
But only clouds are nearest to it.*

KEN. C.

The Calendar Reform

RELATIVE to the new Gregorian Calendar we were very pleased to have an informal discussion with Mr. M. B. Cotsworth. Mr. Cotsworth stated that calendar simplification is advisable and can be quickly achieved by an International Conference.

The change from the Julian calendar to the new Gregorian calendar would involve the adoption of thirteen equal months of twenty-eight days in place of the present twelve unequal months. The new suggestion endorses the fixity of day-names for the same dates in each month and year and hence each month begins with Sunday and ends with Saturday. The new month, probably named Sol would be inserted between June and July and the extra day, not included in any of the thirteen months, would be the day before "New Year Sunday," and would be called "Year Day." (This was submitted to the mathematic department and it was found that there really was one extra day).

The advantages of this reform are largely economic and tend to show the probability of it being carried out. All months would have an equal number of working-days, and Sabbaths and all holidays would be fixed on Mondays. A great amount of clerical work would be eliminated, and expense saved, in the preparation of accounting and statistical reports in business. For instance a certain business house does twice as much business on Saturday as on any other day, hence if five Saturdays fall in one month in place of four, that month's income will be greater and statistics cannot be readily compared. The reform would stabilize all business accounting and is recommended by certain firms now using it. Easter would not vary and be held on several days by different religious sects as it is now.

The disadvantages include thirteen clearings instead of twelve, per year, much expense and complications would be involved; the thirteen months can not be divided into quarter-years without splitting the months; the inevitable superstition of Friday the thirteenth, which will occur in every month.

One feels rather diffident about expressing an opinion on a subject so far reaching and important, and one with so many involved and surprising implications. However even the youngest must learn by practice. The whole scheme seems so reasonable and economically so advantageous that one feels willing to be jerked from the familiar rut of fifteen centuries. It is better to be bold with the scientists than timid with the sentimentalists. Mr. Cotsworth, at least, feels that the reform is very desirable and certain to be adopted as soon as the nations are acquainted with the facts.

L. B.

Heartless

There they were, twenty-five youths lined up, tired, worn-out, panting, exhausted and strengthless. Already they had had all they could stand, any more would not only be futile but disastrous. Even the camels back broke eventually. And yet they were commanded forward—where?—to death? At least the coach ordered them to line up on the dead-line.



“THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN”
(How well do you know the staff?)

Music

LAST year music in the school was introduced by Mr. Scott Malcolm, who came up practically every Sunday through the school year and favoured us with musical selections of the very best calibre on the piano. I might say that this short period after dinner on Sunday was a very much looked forward to event and many of us besides learning the appreciation of music also felt a certain feeling of relaxation and comfort which comes to those who seek solace in art of any kind.

This year Scott has continued the same thing but in addition has brought with him other musicians. One of these, Mr. Fred Winfield, favoured us with some very fine and entrancing numbers on the violin. Then as a special treat Mrs. Shore and Scott rendered a two piano number later on in the year which was surely a masterpiece—Concerto in B Minor.

Following these presentations Scott and Mr. Reg. Godwin, who was a gold medalist at Varsity, arranged a two piano recital and presented it before the school one evening. The pieces played must have called for a good deal of hard work and practise and were certainly works of art. The players put their whole heart into the recital and it was a real success.

Later in the year Scott rendered a piano recital himself at the Conservatory of Music and the school received an invitation to attend. The favourite piece he played was the Concerto in B Minor, this time being accompanied by Mr. Ernest Seitz, his former music teacher. Many other beautiful and light numbers were played which enveloped the musical sense of all present at the recital.

As far as the school itself goes some of the younger musicians proved their adaptability in the musical line by rendering numbers on the piano and violin at the Brodus Farmer recital presented at the school. Alec Hays played a very impressive and powerful selection named "Hungarian" and rendered it in a very delightful manner. Edward Kendall played "Lonely" and two other pieces on the violin and certainly did it well. We were disappointed, however, that "Bus" Greaves was unable to favour us with a selection as he had taken ill. Mrs. Shore rendered five lovely numbers on the piano which were appreciated by the audience and encored a number of times. Mr. and Mrs. Widdrington presented some very impressive numbers, Mr. Widdrington singing and Mrs. Widdrington accompanying him on the piano. The pieces rendered took the form of rollicking sea-songs and songs of the inevitable tramp whose characteristics stood out in one's mind as these songs were sung to us.

The school orchestra this year consists of all new talent and have spent many entertaining nights in the music room under the leadership of Mr. Rourke at the piano. He, at one time, had thought of taking up music as a profession and acquired his musical degree for the piano but gave that up and studied science at Queen's University, which subject he now teaches here at Pickering. The saxophone's duties were upheld by Bill Templeton, a new member in the school this year and he is certainly a wizard at the old "horn," as any of the fellows will tell you. He has had lots of experience in playing for orchestras and plays with or without music. The banjo is played by Ted Freer, who is certainly a wow! And he also had lots of experience in the orchestra line. Although we have not as many instruments as we had last year the orchestra gets a great deal of fun out of playing and it is also entertaining to the fellows although it makes lots of noise.

In turning to the classical side of music in the school I must say that if it had not been for Mr. McCulley's marvellous selection of records and his Orthophonic Victrola I do not think we would be able to appreciate music as we do. Many an afternoon or night has been spent in Mr. McCulley's library listening to the many different and beautiful Suites, Concertos, Rhapsodies and Waltzes which he has bought himself and I think, the comfort, the happiness, and the joy which we have derived from these many selections of real music will be one of the thoughts that bind us to Pickering College when we start out "on our own" into the great world.

"SHY" CLARK.

The Prisoner

*His soul rebelled against this unjust treatment,
And the deep seated grief almost rent
His heart, like a caged lion he passed
To and fro, in his small domain always faced
With the reality of being a prisoner.*

*On this small island he was doomed
To die, a death he had never contemplated,
He who was used to having his orders,
Obeyed, had a place among mourners,
He a man of gallant deeds now crushed,—Napoleon.*

JACK G.



THE LOUD-SPEAKER

Visitors' Day

OUR first "open house" of the school year 1928-29 took place on Saturday, December 8th. Much time was spent on preparation so that it might set a standard to which the students of future years would have to live up. Our guests began to arrive at three o'clock and were met by their sons who were very proud to be their hosts.

There were two features of interest on the main floor, a geographical and historical art exhibit and a craft exhibit. The maps were drawn by members of the school and all had connections with subjects which are being studied in the various classes.

Probably the most interesting exhibit was the one of articles made in the craft shop under the supervision of Mr. Maitland. The works of art show that there is a real creativeness in the school. There were many different types of things such as:—tables, modernistic shelves, graceful candle sticks, rolling pins, toy cannons, bows and arrows, etc. The details and fineness of finish was excellent considering that most of the boys had not done any of this sort of thing previously. However we must pass on to our two laboratories on the top floor. Our equipment is excellent and under the supervision of our two science masters a very effective display was staged and from remarks I am sure that all our guests enjoyed it very much.

A glance was given to the parents of the gymnasium where part of the physical end of our education is carried on. A basket-ball game was in progress, the students versus the old boys. The old boys carried off the honours but it was a well fought game. A gymnastic display ended the program.

Supper was served between five and six o'clock after which the evening program commenced.

This program consisted of four plays. The most outstanding play was a French one put on by students preparing for matriculation. The pronunciation and acting was really excellent. The players in all the plays deserve credit for their excellent performance.

—JOHN M.



*Craft Exhibit
December 8, 1928.*

Hallowe'en Dance

ON Wednesday evening Oct. 31st the premier social event of the fall season took place at Pickering College.

For several days preceding, the event had been anticipated. Here and there in the halls could be seen small groups of students discussing the dance from the various angles from which any party is discussed. For weeks afterwards it remained as a pleasant memory and will not be entirely forgotten until perhaps next year's Hallowe'en Party leaves new memories to outshadow those of the past.

Shortly after eight o'clock the couples began to arrive. As they tripped in the door, one could see at a glance that studies were forgotten for a few hours and youth was due to have full sway in the pursuit of pleasure. They arrived in coupes and sedans, roadsters and tourings, by bus and by taxi. The important thing is that some sixty or seventy couples, arrayed in all the customary finery displayed on such an occasion, arrived.

The music provided by Alex Roberts' orchestra began shortly before nine o'clock and continued its rhythmic strains almost uninterrupted for the next four hours. The happy, care free lads and lassies moved around the smoothy waxed floor of the Assembly Hall presenting a kaleidoscopic pattern to the eye of an onlooker.

About the middle of the evening everyone adjourned to the dining hall which had been very seasonably decorated with grinning pumpkins and frowning witehs. Jim Candler and Milt. Davison together with a large staff of assistants were responsible for the transformation of the dining room, making of it an enchanted bower of beauty lit by a flood of golden candlelight.

Some parties become dull towards the close but the 1928 Pickering College Hallowe'en dance was full of pep and fun from the moment the first couple entered the door to be greeted by our genial headmaster until the last couple were bid adieu by the same personage.

Credit is certainly due to the social committee for the excellent manner in which the party was handled.

From Our Sentimentalist's Scrap-Book

*I laugh at this world as I see it,
Its women, its cities, its men.
I'll smile again as a cynic,
Seeing only the evil of men.
For you have broken and shattered my heart.
My soul is withered and white.
I hate you, I hate you, I hate you!
But, oh how I miss you tonight.*

—Contributed.

Hallowe'en Circus

VISITORS to Pickering College have often noted how firm is the students' faith in fairies and witches. They have marvelled that the modern spirit of unbelief has failed to mar their cherubic minds. This, indeed might have been their fate had not the gods kindly intervened and granted them a conclusive sign of their existence.

This remarkable incident, to which I refer, was the appearance, on the one night that the supernatural beings condescend to reveal their presence to a doubting world, viz., Hallowe'en, of the fabled goofer bird, attended by the charging giraffe and the roaring elephant. For the benefit of any who may be ignorant of the existence of the bird, I will quote from Prof. Rourke's remarkable treatise (with introduction by Sir Jack Jermyn) "The Softness of Goofer Feathers. The goofer-bird was granted the epithet of 'Chief Kidder of the Troops' when acting as the adviser of Ulysses during the Trojan War, and has been extensively worshipped since by those who practise this hypocritical quality."

Thus, as we watched the gyrations of this majestic deity (which the recently formed dancing class has been faithfully imitating) there was born that deep belief in the supernatural and especially in what this bird represents, that has since been our most famous characteristic.

The Formal Dance

OUR formal dance took place on Friday, March the first. One of the most outstanding features was the programs tastefully engraved with a "cut" of the school done in blue and silver.

The orchestra commenced to play at half past eight continuing until eleven when we all went down into the dining room for supper. The supper was excellent and everybody spent a very enjoyable half hour. We then showed our guests about the school until the orchestra re-commenced.

At one o'clock the orchestra played God Save the King and the finest party of the year broke up.

The dance was a very real success, the orchestra was extremely good and our only hope is that future "At Homes" may live up to the standard set by this event.

—JOHN M.

Free Verse

*When I was younger
I wrote with a will
And asked all my friends
To admire my skill.*

*But now I am so particular that
None of my verses seem to please me.*

F. ST. L. D.

The Christmas Dinner

THE headmaster gave his second annual Christmas dinner on the 18th of December. The whole school assembled in the dining hall and beginning with fruit cocktail finished with nuts and raisins, the intermediate courses being very delicious.

Directly after the dinner there were two short speeches by Mr. McCulley and Mr. Rogers.

In one corner of the dining room there was a Christmas tree which had a lot of parcels around it. Santa Claus, amidst the applause of all, arrived with plenty of noise and much handshaking. There were numerous presents for the masters and presents of various natures for certain students which we hope helped them to correct their faults. Santa Claus then, being very busy at this time of the year, was forced by other duties to leave us, much to the general regret as he had proved very amusing.

The dinner was a great success and everybody left the dining hall feeling that, all in all, the outstanding festival of the school year had been adequately celebrated.



Waiting for Santa Claus

Duke Pearson must be a chemistry law for when he talks it is a Conversation of Weight.

Mr. Shore: "I don't think the fourth form is so bad after all. They seemed very interested in the lesson this morning. They simply sat there open-mouthed."

Mr. Rourke: "Applesauce! They never all yawn at once."

Officer: "So you saw the accident. Do you remember the number of the car?"

Mr. Rourke: "No—I—don't but I do remember that if you multiply the square root of the product of the numbers by forty you would get five times the digits reversed of the sum of 2789 and 500X if X is equal to $3/273 \cos. 60^\circ$."

Who's Who

IT has been felt by the editorial staff of this paper that the characteristics of many of our students are but little known. The various terms of endearment that we apply to them from day to day are neither understood by us nor by those about us. Yet we allow this alarming fact to pass unchallenged.

It is a well known historical fact Caesar's intimates always called him "Goofer-face," and we should consider it very poor principle if they could not have advanced an adequate reason for so doing. Yet right here in Pickering 90% of our students would be hopelessly incapable of explaining any of the loving epithets that adorn the student body. Arbitrarily select a student and ask him why Stephens is called "Blondy." Will he be able to put you clear on the point? I think not.

For this reason the following has been compiled after much careful study and interested effort.

1. *Milton Davison*.—"Cromwell" to his nearest friends. It is believed that he is so called because of his wild bucks in rugby, which lead to the belief that he had iron sides. Milt spends his spare time discovering fires, and some day he hopes to help keep the forest fires burning.

2. *Lloyd Bell*—generally known as "Ding Dong." This latter term comes to us from the Mongolian and is the word for bell in that strange tongue. Lloyd doesn't fool in anything he undertakes, and he says that he will some day be a big furrier. His favorite song is "Doin' the Raceon."

3. *Frederick Toller*—known wherever English is spoken as "Lindy." Although Fred has not as yet been in an aeroplane, he has flown thousands of miles in the night. Cartooning is his favorite flower, and some day he believes that he will be able to draw a salary. Fred is saving poker hands with which to get a cute little plane of his very own.

4. *Marmaduke Pearson*.—In spite of the fact that his mother calls him Marma, the boys are inclined to apply such names as "Duke" or "Sunbeam." The former is, of course, a contraction for "Iron Duke," that well known ship of the line which had a larger displacement in gross tons than any other vessel of its day. The explanation of the term Sunbeam is revealed by even a cursory inspection. Sunbeam reminds us of the Sun, an infinitely large body, and it is felt that Duke is the only one who can be associated with such a mass, if consistency is to be maintained. We are confident that he will ably fill any vacancy opened for him.

5. *John S. Stephens*.—renamed "Blondy" because he only does very light work. Somerset walks miles up and down the halls every night during study to see that all the students are working. He prepares his lessons with variable regularity, and it is rumoured that he had his Latin homework done one night. This, however, may be unfounded.

6. *Alec Lewis*.—Alec is lovingly called "Moon" because he changes every quarter. He usually changes it into 5 nut bars. Moon is the man who put the "din" in dinner, and if he had wings he'd be a mosquito. He is a tireless worker and likes nothing better than spending his Sunday mornings in church.

7. *Edward Kendall*—known in America and on the continent as "Silent Samuel" or "Tongue-tied Thomas." Edward is a strong silent man from

the hour of 10 p.m. until 7 p.m. Hence the name "Silent." Rumour has it that Eddie was at one time vaccinated with a Vietrola needle, and it is an established fact that he can start the subject of a new sentence while finishing the predicate of the one before. Silent never talks except when speaking and even this he confines to Sundays and week days. Edward is ever ready to discuss problems of great cosmic significance. He is a great advocate of the safety first policy and likes everyone to "Stop, Look and Listen,"—principally "listen."

8. *Charles Gould*.—His intimates call him "Tux." This is because Charlie was formerly a very active member in a Tuxis Square. Along with Cody, Charles has the enviable distinction of first introducing bed socks to the college. These two lads are oftentimes called the "Bed Sock Twins." Charles has read so many "Amazing Stories" that he is inured to shock. In fact, he didn't even drop dead one night when he caught Stephens with an open text book in front of him.

9. *Doug. Clark*.—The student has as yet assigned no definite name to Douglas. This is probably because none can do him justice. Doug. comes to us from Vancouver, and the train trip proved so fatiguing that he hasn't done a tap of work since he arrived. In a burst of confidence one night, he told Cummer that he sadly missed the large feeds of blubber on which the citizens of his native city subsist during the long winter months. This may explain a great deal.

10. *Wilson Harris*.—This cheery little fellow is commonly called "Speedy" after the Widrington cat. Wilson is a quiet unassuming lad about the school, yet he has that peculiar something that makes women want to follow him west. "Speedy" will be a big butter and egg man when he grows up.

11. *Kenneth Cowan*.—They all call him "Casey." This doubtless is due to the fact that he has a warm place in his heart for the Knights of Columbus. In fact, Ken says that he is interested in daytime activities of Columbus as well, for, if old Christopher hadn't discovered this country we wouldn't know where we were at. Ken absolutely denies that it's his father who makes the nut bars.

12. *Don Clark*.—Don usually is labelled "Shy." This is because of his generous nature which generally leaves him shy things for himself. Don has a blush like an Egyptian sunset, and is the pampered pet of the fair sex. This youngster craves the great open spaces of the north. He says that he plans to go bear hunting and use "Pork" Peace for bait.

13. *Ronnie Campbell*.—To date, no suitable substitute has been found for Ronald. Some mis-informed persons have called him the "Man They Couldn't Hang," but this is obviously ridiculous. Ron thinks that a nightmare is a horse that's born after dark, but apart from this he has no peculiarities. He plans to go in for radio announcing, and we know that he would go over big. Such a thing would render the loud speaker unnecessary, and his station could be easily picked up by a one-tube set in Africa.

14. *Sells McGuire*.—His boy friends name him "Jenny." From time to time, Sells falls down and goes boom but who shall say him nay? He is an indefatigable worker, and at each total eclipse of the Sun, he settles down and pounds out an hour's concentrated cramming. His progress is often held up owing to the fact that his ankles sprain very easily, and this is to be greatly regretted. The name "Jenny" is very obscure, and has baffled the editors to date. They would greatly appreciate some light on the subject.

—R. R.

Picking Holes in Dams—or What Have You?

IN the minds of a few of the well read individuals in the school, such as Mr. Daly, or Jack Tisdall, or Law Yee, there seems to be some doubt as to the source or the authenticity of the old story of the little Dutch boy from somewhere in Holland, who is reputed to have saved his native village (or maybe all of Europe) from a disastrous flood, by thrusting his fist into a break in a certain evil-intentioned dam. Even Mr. Rourke "who is undoubtedly one of the greatest intellects of all time," admits that he cannot figure the thing out. In all sincerity he was overheard to make the statement. "Mark you, I'm not denying that the thing might have happened, but you've got to prove it." This, then, may serve to indicate to the patient reader what a difficult task is before me, namely, that of trying to discuss something, which, Mr. Daly aptly remarks "May possibly never have happened, or about which there is the slightest suggestion of obscurity."

But just for the sake of argument, let me briefly lay before you the story as I know it, or have heard it rumoured. Once upon a time a Dutch boy was out walking in the Netherlands when he noticed that a trickle of water was percolating through one of the dams, and was rolling away ant hills and grains of sand at an alarming rate. Gritting his teeth and offering a prayer to Allah, he doubled up his fist and bravely thrust it into the breach, thus, it is said, saving his country, and maybe a large part of Europe from certain death.

Many things in the above story appear obscure, unsatisfactory and even absurd. Why, for instance, didn't the boy shout for help? Either he was too far away or he was dumb, or it just didn't occur to him. Or, he may have come to this particular dam to swim, and finding himself unable to reach his clothes to clothe himself, and hold back the waters of the dam at the same instant, his modesty preferred a slow death to the incredulous gaze of his fellow townsmen. If, on the other hand he was a normal child, like Gord. Kernohan or Alex Lewis, the chances are that he was out for an early morning stroll. In this event he might have saved his hand to help him run back to the town to tell the Burgomaster about the impending catasrophe, and used his shirt to stuff into the leak. Doubtless the shirt would have been replaced by a vote of the town council or even hung up in the town hall as a token for all time of the fidelity of little Dutch boys.

Then it comes to my mind that Dutch boys wear wooden shoes. Did it ever occur to the boy that a wooden shoe would make an excellent bung for a leaky old dam? With little loss of time you would think he could have driven one shoe deep into the seeping dike. The wisdom of this was brought home to me in discussing the matter with the head of the Chemistry Department. Mr. William McCulley stated with authority "That the component parts of wood are such that when the particles are subjected to moisture, the water enters into the molecules, (or whatever goes to make wood wood) and causes them to expand." Thus it would appear that a wooden object would have been the most suitable thing for such an emergency, because of its swell properties. And so it seems as though the boy didn't quite know what to do, or if he did, he didn't do it properly. And quite rightly does the Headmaster complain "That the boy did not have the situation well in hand, nor was his subsequent method of approach (whatever it was), sufficiently organized to bring the matter to a satisfactory solution." And what can we do but leave it at that?

We are all seekers after knowledge, and gold and other things. It is therefore important that we let nothing escape us. "Anyone," says Mr. Statten "who is interested in boy life and the better way of living, should get some dope on the causes of things." It would be folly for us then to make no effort to discover why this dam weakened. There must be a reason. It is said that even the continual blow of a cork would in time wear away the hardest granite or Stephen's Cranium. Will this fact help us to solve the mystery? True, it is hardly likely that there would be a cork or anything like it battering away ceaselessly against the inside of a Dutch dam, but it is possible that some other microscopic force in Nature might have been doing so, even before the Zuider Zee became a Zee. "Holy Smuckle," said Mr. Blackstock, "before I came here I would never have given the thing a thought," and he offered the suggestion that the erosion might have been caused by the deadly amoeba, which, like Phelps, is very active. But I doubt if the amoeba is to blame, because, being similar in architecture to our common garden worm, it refuses even to jump, and would, I suspect, object rather strongly to carrying on any sort of concentrated effort in the water. At this moment Mr. Shore went by, looking for his French student. Being called and pressed for his views on the subject he said "I am not familiar with the possible causes of such a stupendous problem, as we did not carry on any of that type of research at Queen's, but if it would prove of any value I should be glad to correspond with the editor of 'Die Woche,' Herr Spiegelgoop, a friend of mine, who is in close touch with activities in the Netherlands." "Tout l'accord" shouted all those present. At which point my brain felt fagged, and I determined to relax with a Wrigley.

Not long after, I consulted Mr. Widdrington, who cast no small ray of light on the problem as to what caused the leakage in the dam. Repeating himself many times for emphasis, as is his custom, he spoke of the existence of a small animal, partly fish, partly Ross, called a Short-eared Athenian Shrub Nibbler, which was commonly found in ancient times. This animal had an insatiate craving for roots of shrubs, trees, herbs or plants. Its peculiarities are even mentioned by Heroditus. It appears that it had a very powerful set of incisors, with which the better to eat, my dear, or to gnaw any root which lucklessly happened to be sticking in the water. "And," continued Mr. Widdrington, "this animal having been removed from its native habitat, and finding (in some mysterious manner) its way, (cum magno periculo) into a Dutch dam, might easily have caused the damage to the afore-mentioned dike."

A drowning man will clutch even spars or life-rafts, so let us pursue this theory, (because it is only a theory), and assume that this so-called Athenian Nibbler had found its way to Holland, and there, surrounded on all sides by walls of mud, was near death's door from starvation, when it suddenly became aware of the existence of a tasty bit of root imbedded in the silt. Chewing contentedly, it was not conscious that it had drilled a hole through several feet of mud, until it was startled out of a flourishing growth by the sudden appearance of a small determined Dutch hand, which it saw hurriedly thrust into the deadly ehink.

Note: From the foregoing investigation two things are apparent. In the first place the little Dutch boy didn't think logically and sensibly as would a little Canadian boy from Pickering. And secondly, the theory of the Athenian animal is only a theory, but until such time as some one else is attacked with brain fever and advances a better explanation for something that has been baffling scientists for ages, it should stand as a monument to a cerebrum badly in need of a padded room.

R. H. P.

The Meeting

(A short one act play)

FOREWORD—One of the respected members of the staff who frequently meets a certain friend of his at the Union Station, once made the grave error of letting three of his associates know the time of the train's arrival. In consequence, much against his will, he was once accompanied by three of his colleagues, who were fortunate enough to be on hand when the meeting took place. This little playlet is dedicated to the occasion.

SCENE—Toronto Union Depot. Lobby for anxious friends meeting incoming passengers.

Enter R. Gorke, followed by a ragged assemblage of commoners.

R. Gorke—It's near 5.40 p.m. by my watch and chain. Perchance the train is late. I wonder if anything could have happened to her.

1st Commoner—Perhaps the train forgot to be flagged at Pingston.

2nd Commoner—Mayhap a rival hath intervened.

3rd Commoner—I should consider both statements below par.

R. Gorke (musing out loud)—And it cost me \$1.25 plus a five cent tip for a facial. Told the barber to do everything but lift my face.

2nd Commoner—By the way Mr. Pintully, is all ready and waiting at the Honey Dew Shop?

1st Commoner—"Yes indeed, Mr. Berry. I spoke personally to Mr. Dew, who informed me that many hens had been run to earth in preparation for the inevitable coming demand."

Mr. Gorke—(Still musing out loud). And was my moustache trimmed, my nails manicured, and my shoes shined all for naught?

1st Commoner—Mr. Bore, I suspect that you are here in the capacity of critic.

3rd Commoner—You are quite wrong, Mr. Berry. I am still open to the reception of pointers or suggestions.

2nd Commoner—But Mr. Bore—

3rd Commoner—(interrupting) Tut! Mr. Pintully, I tell you that Mr. Gorke has unparalleled technique. We can all profit by watching him closely.

Mr. Gorke—(musing out loud to himself). Murry's or Honey Dew—that's the question. Chicken or eggs, ham or bacon? But why not all?

1st Commoner—He seems distraught. What time by your Radiolite is it? Mine quotes 5.37.

2nd Commoner—My Ingersoll ticks at 5.38.

3rd Commoner—And on my United Cigar Special the hands tock at 5.39. The average or mean, therefore, would correspond with Mr. Pintully's dial.

1st Commoner—The clock tower in front of the station has but lately chome thirty minutes past five.

Mr. Gorke—(musing sadly, and with a touch of resignation in his voice). And I had practically decided on chicken to the king as a horse duvers, French Fried as an ontray, and ham and eggs as an appetizer before settling down to a real meal. O ye gods, why must I endure—

4th Commoner (Train Broadcaster)—Train eight-one-two from Brickville, Pingston, and Nippinnee about to disgorge passengers on track 8. Get ready. Stand well back.

Mr. Gorke—(aloud). Support me friends; this is almost more than I can bear.

Commoners (together)—Pause, look and listen.

3rd Commoner—We shall align ourselves along this rail, the better for to see.

(Commoners, exclusive of Train Broadcaster, seek positions of advantage along railing).

Enter F.

F.—I wonder where he—

Mr. Gorke—(Interrupting). O, there you are!

1st Commoner—One, two, three,

2nd Commoner—Four, five, six,

3rd Commoner—Seven, eight, nine,

Train Broadcaster—Ten ———

Commoners—(interrupting and shouting together). Time's up. It is enough. We shall now all repair to our respective domiciles, having learned by watching another the high art of meeting incoming passengers!

Exeunt.

R.H.P.

Another Lover

*These I have also loved—
The rising bell,
And bells that ring for classes;
Cold showers
And those early exercises;
Study and work
With well-earned full fatigue;
Promptness and punctuality,
Spare, plain meals;
Neatness and order
With each thing in its place;
All maxims which
Teach us their grain of truth.
Such as: "This is the day."
And, "make the best of youth."*

*These I have loved
But only when my head
Has rested on a pillow soft
In bed.*

F. Stl. D.

Ode to Melancholy

*I'm
Blue
Too.*

Long Distance to Blubberville

Scene: Pickering College Telephone Booth.

Time: Saturday night.

Characters: Doug. C., Operator, Doug's Mother.

(Doug. enters booth. He is home sick, in fact, there are tears in his eyes. He just *has* to phone home).

Doug. (taking down receiver): I want to call Mrs. Cat, Blubberville.

Operator: \$9.85 for three minutes.

Doug.: All right.

(Two and one-half hour wait while Doug. remains at the school instead of going to the local cinema with the rest of the boys.

Doug. waits. Phone rings. Doug. answers and listens expectantly to the queer buzzing noise which greets his willing ear.

Operator: I have your party. Deposit \$9.85 please.

Time out while Doug. puts in 197 nickels, the contents of his penny bank.

Doug.: Hello, hello. Mother?

No reply.

Faint voice: 'Lo.

Doug.: Is this Mother?

Voice: Whose mother?

Doug.: My mother, who do you think, Mrs. C.

Voice: I can't hear you.

Doug.: I want to speak to Mrs. C.

Voice: Just a second.....indicates two minutes wait.

Doug.: Hello, hello, Mother?

Mother: Who is this?

Doug.: How are you Mother?

Mother: Oh! how are you Doug?

Doug.: What?

Mother: How are you?

Doug.: Fine. How are you?

Mother—Speak louder. I can't hear you.

Doug.: I'm fine! How are you?

Mother: Where are you?

Doug.: I'm fine! How are you?

Mother: I can't understand you.

Doug.: Can you hear me now?

Mother: Yes! What did you say?

Doug.: How are you?

Mother: Oh! How are you?

Operator (cutting in): Time's up.

Doug.: Time's up. I guess we'd better stop.

Mother: What did you say?

Doug.: Are you all right?

Mother: Yes. Are you all right?

Doug.: What?

Mother: Are you all right?

Doug.: Yes.

Mother: What did you say?
 Doug.: I'm all right.
 Mother: Oh!
 Doug: Are you all right?
 Mother: Yes. I guess so.
 Doug: Guess so! Don't you know?
 Mother: Yes!
 Doug.: Maybe we should stop.
 Mother: I guess so. Well, good-night.
 Doug.: Good-night.
 Mother: What.
 Doug.: Good-bye.
 Operator: Deposit \$3.45 for overtime.

KEY TO CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

(See page 63)

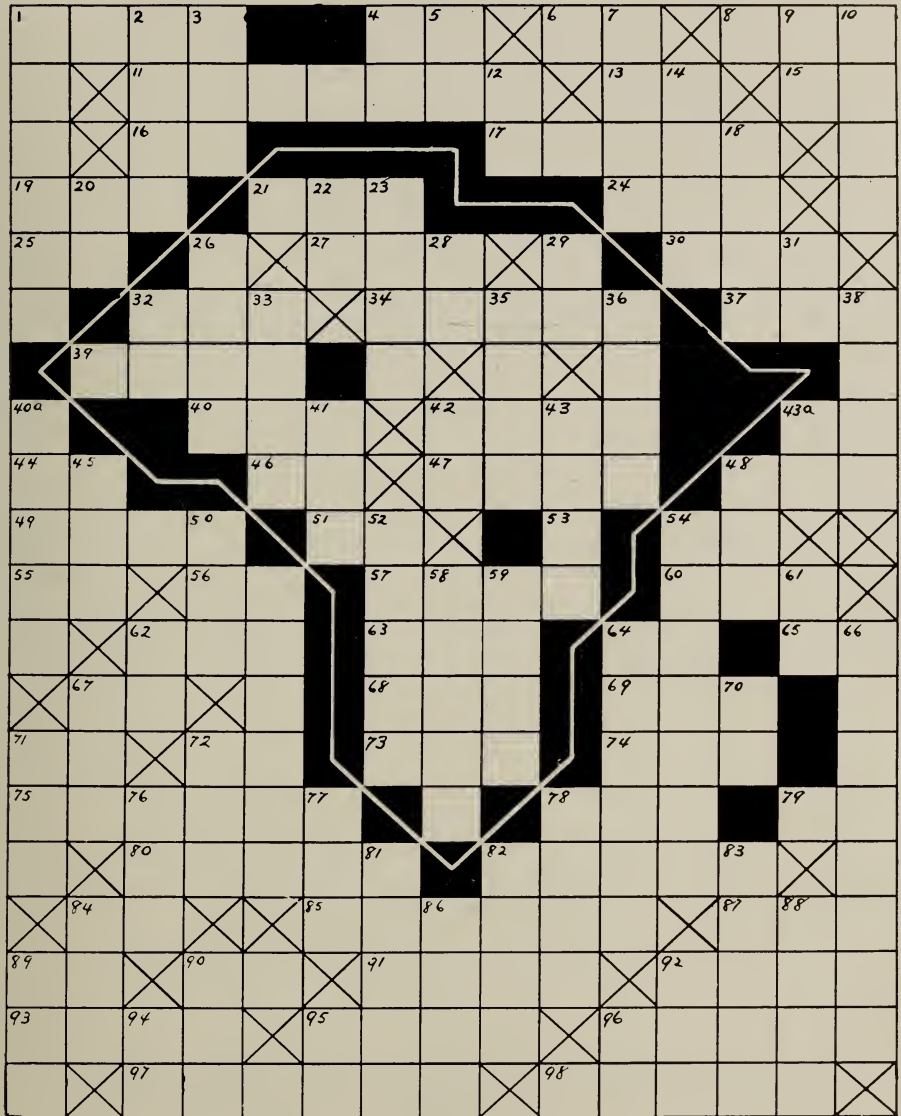
HORIZONTAL

1. Stellar object.
4. Surmounting.
6. Excell (Abbr.)
8. Suffix denoting continued action.
11. Country in Africa.
13. Conj. meaning "otherwise."
15. Exclamation of surprise.
16. A common disease (Abbr.)
17. African river.
19. Advertisements (Abbr.)
21. Prominent city in N. of Africa.
24. Visualize.
25. Prefix—once more.
27. Man's name.
30. An artificial block in a river.
32. Domestic animal.
34. Winged creature of the night.
37. To spatter.
39. Egyptian river.
40. Consume.
42. Italian coin.
43. Two letters of much the same sound.
44. Otherwise.
46. Railroad (Abbr.)
47. First letters of "O see Tim Sick."
48. Slang name for an Ontario city at S. of Lake Superior.
49. River in Africa.
51. Part of the verb "to be."
54. Thus.
55. Depart.
56. With reference to.
57. River in Africa.
60. Cooking utensil.
62. A long distance.
63. A unit.
64. That is (Abbr.)
65. Or else.
67. Situated.
68. Ontario Dep't of Agriculture (Abbr.)
69. A short sleep.
71. Boy's name (Abbr.)
72. French def. Article.
73. Seed.
74. Department of Railway transportation (Abbr.)
75. Revolving.
78. Crusted food.
79. Advertisement (Abbr.)
80. Keep out of the way of anything.
82. Burns.
84. Father (Abbr.)
85. Native of a neighboring country of Africa.
87. Toronto Printers' Society (Abbr.)
89. With reference to.
90. Within.
91. A unit of weight (pl.) (Abbr.)

92. First 4 letters of a word meaning "a number of different."
93. Termination (pl.)
95. The last.
96. African country.
97. A product of Africa (Abbr.)
98. A shore.
93. Uplift oneself.
- 43A. Thus.
45. River (Spanish).
48. Same as horiz. 48.
50. Age.
52. To spy (slang).
54. One who spears.
58. Neighbouring country of Africa.

VERTICAL

1. A desert in Africa.
2. Insect (pl.)
3. A bone.
4. Or else.
5. Fr. for "nor."
7. Wood (pl.)
9. Negative.
10. City in Libya.
12. Article.
14. Hollow plant.
18. To read.
20. Dep't of Education (Abbr.)
22. Two vowels.
23. City in ancient Africa.
26. Bring to anger.
28. Negative.
29. Exclamation of satisfaction.
31. Mother (Abbr.)
33. A log.
35. A demonst. adj.
36. Bodies of water.
38. A Pickering dog's name.
- 40A. River in Africa.
41. Prefix meaning "three"
42. Behold!
59. Jump.
61. With the purpose of.
62. Foot (Abbr.)
- 64A. Native of an Oriental country.
66. Country in Africa.
67. American P.O. (Abbr.)
70. Physical training (Abbr.)
71. Age.
72. Lavatory (Abbr.)
- 76A. Drink.
77. York Dance Inspector (Abbr.)
78. Vegetable (pl.)
81. Enter (French).
82. Raise voice in rhythm.
83. Punctures.
84. Writing instrument.
86. Accomplishes.
88. Pried (old form).
89. Colour.
90. Island (Abbr.)
90. By way of.
94. Accomplish.
95. God Willing (Latin Abbr.)
96. Behold.



CROSS WORD PUZZLE

*By G. W. Ross**(For key see page 62)*

Junior Notes

THE minimum age limit for boys entering the school was raised this year in order to facilitate matters both in the dormitory and the classroom. An entrance requirement of first form high school standing was therefore imposed, with the result that several new boys and last year's entrance class composed the first form. This new arrangement took care of all of last year's Juniors with three exceptions. These three have been regarded as the "Prep" form, and have had special instruction from Miss Ancient, Mr. Blackstock and Mr. Perry. The general effect of this change in policy has been highly satisfactory from all angles, as it has removed many of the difficulties attendant upon the "care and feeding of children" under the tender age of eleven.

In the realm of extra-curricular activities, the Juniors have been very active. A majority of the players on the 100 pound rugby team was composed of first formers, while the 120 pound team used three or four of the more weighty members. The arrival of winter brought joy to the youngsters, because practically all appeared to be interested in skating. The old Flea-Fly combats of last year were renewed on the ice and provided an outlet for an apparent super-abundance of energy. The Bantam Hockey Team consisted of all but three Juniors, and made a very creditable showing against outside teams.

During the first term two or three of the more literary-minded published an interesting four page paper called the "Pickering Pip-Squeek." This was put out twice a week at a subscription rate of three issues for ten cents. Rival journalists tried for a time to compete, but were finally obliged to bow to the superior literature contained in the "Pip-Squeek." Some of the interesting jokes and comments appear below.

(Jack Tisdall's first letter to his boy friend John).

Pickering Colege

New market octobur 15 st.

"Deer Jon—

I hop yu ar wel, we ar haveing a wekend of this munth. i will met yu nex tusday.

lovingly yur boy Frend
Jak."

Fuzzy Moore—"Is your room-mate a sound sleeper?"

Carson (speaking of Lewis)—"Yeah! and such sounds!"

Mr. Daly—"Now Muir, tell me why we put the hyphen in 'bird-cage?'"

Muir—"Dunno sir, unless its for the birds to sit on."

Stephens—"Mr. Perry has a new ear and he runs all around with it."

Denne—"Well, well! Which arm does he carry it under?"

Bozo—Take that tricky look off your face, Caesar. You run around here as if you thought you were a police dog!

*Two boys one day,—one Jack, one Tad,
 Appeared, it seemed, to be very mad.
 “What’s this,” said Art, “why aren’t you glad?”
 “. . . we scorched ourselves upon the rad!!”*

Jay Hatch—“Oh hang! how can I do this Arithmetic?”
 “Silent” Kendall—“Tut! tut! my son, do it the Hatch way.”

(A Junior Reporter’s impression of one of the School Rugby Games.)

Masters vs. First Team.

- 2.41 Game started. Loyd Bell snapper for students. Jim Pearcee gains yds.
 2.45 Candler off side. Masters have ball, Widdy passes by mistake to Min-
 cinton who gets through. V. Oille gains yds.
 2.55 Masters lose ball.
 3.00 Buz Daly gains yds. Blondie hurt by Oille. Kick by Bob. R. but is
 stopped.
 3.05 Buz. receivee kick and gains yds. for Masters. Ron Perry tackles Milt.
 3.10 Jim Pearcee tackled! Yds! Kick! Buz. gets kick and passes to
 Widdy. Ron gets yds. Buz. gets ball and passes to Widdy.

3.15 Half Time.

(Blackie enters)

- 3.40 Perry gets ball. Kick! Buz. gains yds. Shore plunges.
 3.50 Buz. gets yards.
 4.10 Widdy passes to Ron and Ron gets tackled and passes to Oille. Buz.
 kicks. Knocked out.
 4.10½ Buz gets through and gains yds. Takes flying tackle and gets Jim
 Peace. Kick.
 4.12 End.

Masters 16—Students 5.

*Here’s to the Junior, the babe of the School,
 He eats, sleeps and studies, regardless of rule.
 If ten years from now we see him at large,
 And wonder what world he has in his charge.
 We’ll forget his shouting, his loafing and crime,
 And thank Allah Allah he came here in time.*

R.H.P.

Mr. W. McCulley: Now boys, deep breathing kills microbes.
 McGuire: But how are you going to get ’em to breath deeply.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS—

Alee Lewis to hangman: “This suspense will be the death of me.”

Jim: I sued my tailor for not delivering my trousers on time.

Ken.: On what charge?

Jim: Breeches of promise.

Mason calls his girl appendix because everybody has had her out.

Life

*What is life a thing to dread,
A birth, a space and then a bed?
A time to fume and fret and fuss
And if things go not right to cuss?*

*Ah no! Life is a precious thing;
Its summer follows closely spring.
Then summer should not scorching be,
But should our happiest moments see.*

*Each moment has its task in store,
And every day adds many more
To him who will the worthwhile seek,
And use his strength to help the weak.*

*Each week brings opportunity
To help a brother lost at sea;
To help someone forlorn and lost,
That on earth's sea is rudely tossed.*

*Our weeks and months in due succession,
Should be so full of real progression
That we, in hurrying through the years,
Think not of death and vales of tears.*

*And when our three score years and ten
Have passed and gone—ah woeful then!--
We'll look back o'er our span of life,
And see it full of joy not strife.*

*Such then is my philosophy;
The best to seek; the best to see;
The best to learn; the best to know;
And when death comes serenely go.*

—H.B.C.

Reverie

*Amid the tumult of the day's oppressing strife
When hard beset with trials and perils imminent,
We often question what the purpose in the mind
Of our Creator, pressing to a mystic end.
We would believe, though doubts confound our faith
That the almighty Power is benign and kind,
A Spirit wise perceives the fabric of our souls
And holds within the very essence of His Being
The beauty in our lives, our aspirations high
And noble deeds, purged of the evil dross
Of all discordant notes that mar the Heavenly theme.*

—H. B. C.

Earths Thoughts

*When, in the sunset hour of the day,
We bow before Thy beauty and Thy Might,
O Earth, our mother, nourisher of our race,
Hear Thou our prayers; to us reveal Thy face.
Long have we tried the mystic veil to pierce
That hides the secret of Thy ways; but yet
In vain; faint glimpses do we see afar
Of some all-covering truth that binds the world,
And there it ends, long though we moil,
And struggle. But this we know, we feel
Thy love is ever at our side,
For thou hast given us within the mould
A brighter spark that guides us to our goal
Through pain and travail, bitter fear and dread,
As godlike wanderers, though our feet be clay.*

—H. B. C.

The Trial of a Genius

*He gnashed his teeth and tore his hair
He paced the room in wild despair
The room upset, his clothes all ripped
The floor all covered with manuscript.*

*And on his face one seemed to see
The traces of near lunacy.
What guilty love or awful hate
Could ruffle so a mind sedate?*

*The light was dim and not a glow
Where fire had burnt an hour ago
But still he could not solve the plot
Or catch the vision that he sought.*

*He beat his hands upon his chest
“At least ’tis known I’ve done my best
I’ll sell my soul,” he cried, “But no
I’ll let that blasted physics go!”*

“SPEEDY” H.

The Snow-fall

*The sky was leaden-grey, and still the winds,
The weather prophets with their burdened minds,
Predicted snow.*

*The day was not really cold, nor yet, not warm,
And many other signs gave evidence of the storm,
Which was to come.*

*The daylight darkened into night with hardly warning,
We went to bed and in the early morning,
The snow was falling.*

*All day the snow-flakes fell in drowsy haste,
By evening things were covered with a waste
Of downy snow.*

LYN C.

Evening

*Come drowsy sleep with delicate touch benumbing,
Al cares and senses that have forgot the day;
Touch but my head to sooth its troubled dreaming,
Take not away thy hand till I am lost with the
Dust falling softly, its grew down not of slumber.
The sun dull orange in the cool blue west
Is barred with clouds. Across the crusted snow
Long shadows lie in breathless quietness,
The finger-tips of evening, softly glow,
As if to hold the warmth the day has given,
And the hill against the blue beyond,
The college building, little flickering lights
So strangely human in a world so still.
Pandora's box, mysterious box unopened
Which might a thousand fluttering wings let loose,
With misty whirling grayness over fields
Already gray and dim with night's approach
Who even now folds wings and settles down,
Hushing the very stillness that was there.*

Fire

*Fire! Fire! Fire! the cry arose;
From amidst the city's din
Many trucks with reels of hose
And men to rescue their kin.*

*A dull red glow spans the sky,
Causing a sickly pallor
And soon the fire trucks pass by
Carrying their men of valour.*

*All the men hustle around
Not losing e'en a second,
For they are duty bound,
Nor dare they stop to reckon.*

*The flames, this horrible faction,
They threaten to spread afar,
Nature's deadliest actions,
And progress of man to mar.*

*For nature's power is much;
Fire strikes man and will entrance
Into his dominion. Such
Is man's insignificance.*

Among My Dreams

*I gazed stupidly o'er my history book,
Nor gave the teacher, e'en a look.*

*I pictured myself in a far off land
Fighting with Alexander hand to hand.*

*I swam across the cold Black Sea,
With Julius Caesar chasing me.*

*I peeped 'round once. Oh what an awful sight
There stood old Julius in the light.*

*Slowly but surely he doth o'ertake—
Oh! why did I make this sad mistake.*

*And now the monster is at my feet
My poor heart has ceased to beat;*

*But I wake to feel a ruler's blow;
Now how did Widdy ever know.*

LLOYD J.

"Alone"

*I lay and watched the clouds float by,
While stretched right out upon my back,
In one great herd across the sky,
Ever onward did they fly.*

*Driven by some mystic power,
They flew like Heralds of a Knight
They cast their shadows on my bower,
And almost startled me with fright.*

*Across the deep blue sky they went,
Slowly fading in the East
But hardly e'er their life was spent,
I looked upon another beast.*

*I saw an elephant in the sky,
With massive legs and big long ears,
But—was it going to die?
It vanished—in a cloud of tears.*

KEN C.

When the Study Bell Rings

*To be popular with every master
Get to study a little faster,
For when the bell aloud doth ring
There seems to be important things
To be done!*

*When a foot-step is heard along the hall,
We quite realize that that can't be all
For soon at top voice we hear a roar
To get to your room and study more,—
At least some!*

*There's always a letter to be written
(An excuse on which masters have bitten)
With a pretense near by, your head to duck,
Into the depths of a latin book,—
Pleasant stuff!*

*A fair haired youth is about to stray,
Into an amazing magazine's sway
When a master heard, soon changes the path,
And sends you scurrying to Honour Math,—
Eh, Blondie!*

*Questions many, some answers a scream,
Geometry worked by a certain scheme,
Latin, History and French a la carte,
In our lives play a sinister part,—*

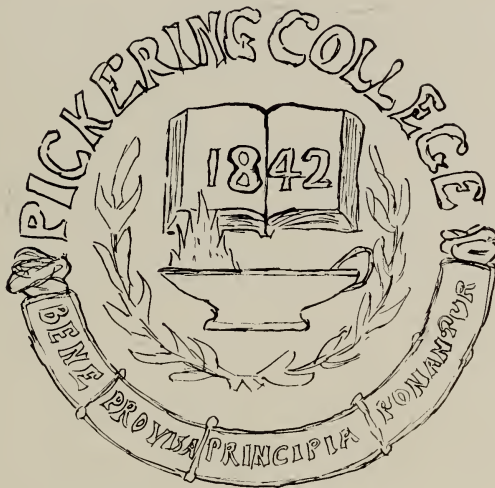
Notre Fenetre

*There's a rainbow 'round my shoulder
And a chill runs up my back
For the evening before, we opened
Our window just a crack.*

*And now I dream of Lilac time
As through this crack there blows
As Shakespeare or, was it Tennyson, said
Our Lady of the snows.*

*But then came the dawn, and with it
The thrill of a new born day
But then we try to figure just how
The window can be closed the easiest way.*

LLOYD J.



ATHLETICS



- Tolley.

“E^DUCATION must contain much besides book learning in order to be really good. We must ever remember that no keenness and subtleness of intellect, no polish, no cleverness, in any way makes up for the lack of the great solid qualities. Self-restraint, self-mastery, common sense, the power of accepting individual responsibility and yet acting in conjunction with others, courage and resolution—these are qualities which mark a masterful people.”

—Theodore Roosevelt~



Back Row—MR. F. ST. L. DALY (Coach), D. CLARK (Manager), F. TOLLER, B. CUMMER, J. CLARKE, MR. J. McCULLEY, C. GOULD, W. TEMPLETON, V. OILLE, MR. R. H. PERRY (Ass't Coach).

Middle Row—J. CANDLER, JOHN PEACE, J. M. PEACE, M. DAVISON (Captain), G. KERNOHAN, M. PEARSON, K. COWAN.

Front Row—E. MINCHINTON, L. BELL, F. BABB, L. GREAVES, J. STEPHENS, S. SITWELL, W. OILLE.

Rugby

AT the end of last year's rugby season a sport enthusiast in Toronto suggested that a "group consisting of the new Pickering College at Newmarket, U.T.S., St. Michael's and Appleby School would make a well-balanced four-team loop" for the next football season. Following out the suggestion Pickering joined U.T.S. and St. Michael's to form a new Interscholastic O.R.F.U. group.

With the knowledge that the school was expected to play 'big league stuff,' the autumn term opened with rugby interest running high. Mr. F. St. L. Daly, a "crack" player on last year's University of Toronto Intercollegiate Team was appointed coach, with Mr. R. H. Perry assisting. It was not long before the coaches began sizing up the material on hand. It caused some worry when a check-up revealed the fact that of last year's team only two regulars and three subs were available. A 'once-over' of the new boys showed that there were few with previous rugby experience, and fewer still who might be termed 'beefy.' Of necessity, then, the new team would fall considerably below last year's poundage, and would have to substitute speed for weight.

Several changes were made in last year's tactics. The early morning conditioners and afternoon P.T. classes were cut out. New signals were introduced following the system of the Varsity Senior Team. Special emphasis was laid on line interference and tackling. The presence of a second squad made drilling easier, and provided the opposition necessary for the first team practices. A training table was formed for both senior squads, and every effort was made to encourage training rules.

After ten days of practice a tentative team was lined up against the Staff and Old Boys, following which the whole squad settled down to more serious work, in preparation for the opening league game scheduled for the second week in October.

The Games

OLD BOYS AND STAFF—PICKERING COLLEGE

THE first of the annual Old Boys' game was played on September 22nd. As there were not enough Old Boys to form a full team, the members of the academic staff supplemented the squad. It was quite an interesting gathering. Connor, Doughty, Farewell, Hartwick, Oille, and Scarlett from last year's team; Messrs. Widdrington, Shore, Rourke, Wm. McCulley, Perry and Blackstock from the staff, and two or three boys from the second squad constituted the team. It outweighed the School Firsts about thirty pounds per player, but this difficulty was partly counterbalanced by the superior condition of the Seniors.

The Old Boys were eager to get into action. Connor, with the Varsity Juniors this season, made it his second game of the day. Doughty forsook the Mimico High School gridiron for a short while. Farewell left Eaton's ties to the care of some less capable person at the call of the Blue and Gray. Hartwick managed to strike a bargain with his school-mates on Jarvis Street and travel northward, and Scarlett probably left Midland in his car twenty minutes before he appeared in uniform at Newmarket.

Mr. Rourke, as head of the Mathematics Department was the logical man for Quarterback for the Old Boys but was unfortunately absent from the lineup. Vern. Oille took over his duties in an able manner. His skilful manipulation of equations and formulae completely baffled the opposing matriculants. They appeared to forget, during the kicks, that the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection, and were frequently seen running off in tangents. Mr. Shore plunged through the line chanting "Allons enfants—" with additions, while Mr. Widdrington would place the ball behind the enemy goal line and murmur "Quo facto, etc."

Although the School team tried hard all the time, it could make little headway against the heavier and more experienced players. The game was interesting to watch, and a goodly number of outsiders were on hand to witness the struggle.

Old Boys and Staff 32—Pickering 0.

PICKERING—LAKEFIELD.

On September 29th, the first and second teams travelled by motor coach to Lakefield to play an exhibition game with "The Grove." As their team appeared to be even lighter than ours, we left our heavier players off the line-up.

After the game had been under way about two minutes Minchington ran over for a touch, which he later converted. Immediately after the kick-off, Jim Peace, in possession of the ball, made a spectacular and non-stop dash to Lakefield's goal line for five more points. The Grove then staged a come-back and with the aid of some clever tackling by their outsides, scored two singles. This was followed soon after by a touch and a convert, which made a half-time score of 11:8 for the School.

During the second half we used most of our scrub team. In spite of an obvious unfamiliarity with the signals, the School team, held together by Quarterback Bell, gained considerable ground. Kernohan and John Peace plunged through the Lakefield line repeatedly, and were able to keep the ball in enemy territory.

With a few minutes to go before the final whistle, Minchington tore over Lakefield's line for another five points, giving the School a decided edge over the home team's score.

Pickering 16—Lakefield 8.

It is worthy of note that the game with Lakefield was the first of an arranged schedule in which the two schools are to play alternate home-and-home games in rugby and hockey.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE—PICKERING.

As a conditioner, and to keep the hungry rooters contented, a St. Andrew's team was invited up to the school on October 3rd. The game took place on a particularly windy day, so that aerial tactics were used to advantage. During the first half the honours were fairly evenly divided. Vern. Oille made two singles on long punts, and S.A.C. evened up the score by duplicating the trick.

It looked rosy for the school in the third quarter when Jim Peace scored a touchdown. In the final period, however, the visitors, taking every advantage of the wind ran up 8 more points, thus deciding the issue.

S.A.C. 10—Pickering 7.

U.T.S.—PICKERING.

When U.T.S. came to Newmarket on October 10th to open the new O.R.F.U. schedule, no one was so optimistic as to imagine that the College team would do wonders, or show the Toronto team how to play rugby. Nevertheless an enthusiastic audience of rooters was on hand from both schools when the teams lined up for the kick-off. U.T.S. had most of last year's players, and consequently had a much heavier and more experienced team than did Pickering.

During the first half the Toronto team had everything pretty much their own way, and the College outfit was unable to offer enough resistance to make the game interesting. Ferguson, Copp and Evans made long gains whenever they had the ball, which seemed to be most of the time.

The rest at half time and the tonic of the coach's words seemed to put energy into the College team, so that the third quarter proved to be the most interesting. During this period Jim Peace scored a lone point for the school, while Capt. Milt. Davison and his fleet halves carried the ball for long gains.

Although the final quarter was not as interesting as the third, the College demonstrated that they had plenty of fight. In spite of the fact that they were outclassed from almost every angle, and were pretty well worn out, they were able to hold U.T.S. scoreless.

U.T.S. 23—Pickering 1.

JARVIS—PICKERING.

During the same week as the game with U.T.S. one of the member's of our last year's team, now playing with Jarvis Collegiate Seniors, brought a squad up from Toronto. The game provided the College with an opportunity to have a good work out before the next league fixture. Many of the weaknesses which were apparent in Wednesday's game were given attention. The tackling was more effective, and the timing of signals seemed improved.

From the standpoint of the spectator, it was a good game to watch, and because we won, the rooter on the sideline was perfectly satisfied.

Pickering 11—Jarvis Team 10.

PICKERING—ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE.

Most of the able-bodied members of the School went by special T.T.C. car to Rosedale Field on October 17th to give their vocal and moral support to the Pickering team in the game against St. Mike's. It turned out to be a somewhat unpleasant day, with wind and rain contributing to the event.

The first quarter was rather colourless. The St. Mike's team did nothing spectacular, but the School was unable to break up their plays. It was not until the middle of the next period that Pickering became conscious of the fact that they could do better. Thereupon they tightened up the line, got the plays away with more precision, and tackled more effectively. Davison, Kernohan and Cowan plunged for yards many times, while the backfield troop consisting of the Peace Brothers, Minchington and Clarke, ran through for long gains.

The game was marred only by several minor injuries, in spite of which the team fought hard until the final whistle.

St. Michael's 22—Pickering 5.

PICKERING—U.T.S.

On October 24th, Pickering met U.T.S. at the Stadium in Toronto to play them a return game. Weather conditions were similar to those during the St. Mike's affair, and the field was wet and slippery.

The opening quarter of the game was anything but inspiring. Pickering kicked off to U.T.S., who retained possession of the ball for practically the balance of the period. Working their way down the field by a series of plunges and trick plays they had little difficulty in scoring. It was a demoralizing sight, but only served to put fight into the College team.

Not until the middle of the second quarter, after we had presented U.T.S. with a touch on a gilt-edged platter, did the College team appear to gain consciousness. The change was truly remarkable. The College team plunged, ran and tackled like madmen; and were able to make yards repeatedly. The effect

of this offensive worked wonders in the grandstand. Those who came to shout and pass the customary nebulous wise-cracks were completely silenced. As a climax, most fitting, Bell went over the U.T.S. line for a touch. It was great.

Half time relieved the tension of hopeful excitement for the College supporters, and the team went to the dressing room for a well-earned rest.

The second half was a fifty-fifty affair, with both teams trying hard to increase their score, but it was not until the last few minutes that the issue of the game was definitely decided. U.T.S. came back with all they had, and by scoring another touchdown finished the game.

The work of Davison, the Peace Brothers, Cowan and Kernohan gave backbone to the plunges. Bell at quarter, displayed his capacity as guardian of the signals, and Bill Oille, playing his first game of the season after an illness, turned in some effective tackling.

U.T.S. 17—Pickering 5.

PICKERING—UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

The First Rugby team was a visitor to U.C.C. on October 30th, where it came up against the strong Little Big Four machine. The School was handicapped by the absence of Bell at quarter, with the result that most of the plays were poorly timed and lacked finish. U.C.C. had a much heavier line, and carried through their plays with a clock-like precision that was demoralizing. There were bright spots in the game when the School seemed to rally, but U.C.C. took no chances and steadily increased their lead.

The second half produced better rugby. U.C.C. put on a number of their second team players, which reduced the weight of their line considerably. The School team, however, was weakened by injuries and did not have the reserve strength to play their best against a fresh team.

U.C.C. 23—Pickering 8.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE—PICKERING.

St. Mike's played a return game on our home ground. Both teams were out of the league, by virtue of U.T.S. undefeated record, but were anxious to finish up the schedule with the regular game. The field was muddy, as it usually was, (a fact which probably helped the School team who were rapidly becoming expert mud-hounds) and the customary wind was blowing.

Pickering opened up the scoring by kicking for a lone point. They followed this by keeping the visitors busy with line plays and end runs. The game, in spite of the weather, was remarkably free from "breaks" and the half time score of 1:1 is an indication of what a close contest it was. When the School team went off the field for a rest, the rooters began to feel confident of a victory.

In the third period St. Mike's staged a rally and scored four single points on kicks. It was then that Pickering came to life in the persons of Kernohan, Cowan and Pearson, on the line who showed some of the best defensive work of the season. Bill Oille at outside tackled well, and made his mark more than once on the muddy field. It looked for a time as though the School might pull through to a victory, but a weakness in the second line defense gave a St. Mike's man a chance to get through to the touch line.

St. Michael's College 10—Pickering 1.

PICKERING—ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE.

After finishing off the regular schedule with no wins the School arranged a return game with St. Andrew's. It was on a cold and windy day that the Pickering pennant was borne to the home of the skirted warriors and there freezingly supported by a handful of rooters.

The game was begun in the overloaded Little Big Four manner, with fourteen men on a side. S.A.C. made use of an angular wind and kicked at every opportunity. Vern. Oille and Jim Peace took care of the punts by some faultless catching. In the same period Oille's kicking earned three points, which was one better than St. Andrew's half time score.

The second half began auspiciously for the School because of the decision to play twelve men to a side, enabling them to get the plays under way with more precision. Though fighting the wind, the College went up the field to within a few yards of the goal line. Davison took the ball and went over for a touchdown, making the score 8:2.

S.A.C. tightened up after the kick-off, and their outsides made some faultless tackles. But the School was not fooling, and worked the ball up to a kicking position, where Vern. Oille put over a perfect field goal.

In the final quarter the School had the advantage of the wind. Oille kicked at every opportunity, and gradually worked towards the S.A.C. touch line. Another five points and a convert finished off the game, giving Pickering another scalp to add to the somewhat meagre collection of 1928.

Pickering 17—S.A.C. 2.

The average weights of the players before the training table was begun amounted to 146.81 pounds. At the end of the season the team was weighed again, and it was found that almost as many had lost weight as had gained. The net gain in weight amounted to only 5 pounds, making an average weight at the close of the season of 147.06 pounds per player.

It should be put on record that the staff of Pickering College made a considerable contribution to the success of the rugby season. During the week, when no scheduled games had been arranged, they turned out en masse in a unique array of former university outfits and offered themselves up as opposition to the First Team. The games were interesting, and in spite of the fact that the contests were fast and furious, there were no serious casualties.

Next in importance to the Staff games were the inter-flat struggles. These were held at irregular intervals, during the season and provided considerable exercise and entertainment.

The Rugby season was a busy one, and in many ways a success. Measured from the standpoint of wins, it left something to be desired, but looked at from the standpoint of healthy recreation it could scarcely have been better. Mr. Daly should be congratulated on having rounded out a "good little team." It is to be hoped that his coaching will long be remembered as one of the reasons for the success of Pickering's rugby season of 1928.

The Players

BABB—Snap. First year of rugby. Handles the ball well, but is weak on line work. Will profit by further experience.

BELL—Quarter. Manages the signals with assurance. A hard-hitting tackler and generally a strong secondary defense player. Lloyd, with more experience and polish will become a first class player. (Colours).

CANDLER—Sub Snap. Inexperienced in the ways of rugby, but a player who is likely to improve with more coaching.

CLARKE, J.—Half. A consistently fair player, occasionally showing moments of brilliance. A hard worker with tackling ability and fight.

CORYELL—Sub Inside and Outside—Was a sub on last year's squad. Tries hard, but lacks a certain necessary drive and coolness when playing to make him useful. Will improve with practice.

COWAN—Middle. One of the members of last year's team, who has shown steady improvement ever since he began the game. One of the most dependable players on the squad, who is perfectly able to stand the strain under a heavy grind on the line. Tackles well. (Colours).

CUMMER—Sub Inside. Works very hard, but finds difficulty in doing the right thing at the right time. Lacks co-ordination of movements. With more playing Bayne should improve considerably.

DAVISON—Captain and Middle. Milt. Knows rugby and always plays a hard clean game. Makes a specialty of plunging and can always be relied upon in the pinches. Does a great deal towards keeping up the morale of the team. (Colours).

GOULD—Sub Quarter and Snap. As a quarter lacked sufficient opportunity to prove his worth. His work as snap showed that he has plenty to offer the opposition. His tackling still a bit uncouth.

GREAVES—Sub Inside. Coming up from last year's 120 pound team and the Junior School, Buster's determination earned for him a place on the team. His unfamiliarity with the signals somewhat handicapped a natural effectiveness.

HAY—Sub Outside. Alex. was imported from the 120 pound team during the latter part of the season, and proved his worth as a tackler in spite of his lightness.

KERNOHAN—Inside. A regular on last year's team. Always reliable and able to take a lot of punishment without complaining. Towards the end of the season Gord. showed his real ability, and was, in some ways, comparable to "Dooley" Farewell. (Colours).

MINCHINGTON—Half. More effective offensively than defensively. A fast ball carrier, who is hard to bring to earth. A pretty reliable catch and a consistently good player.

OILLE, V.—Half. Last year's captain. Although not eligible for the O.R.F.U. Vern. played in all the exhibition games, and showed up as being a good kicker, an elusive runner and an all round hard hitting player. (Colours).

OILLE, WM.—Outside. Bill wasn't on hand at the beginning of the season on account of illness, but his appearance in uniform about the middle of the season strengthened up the team's tackling considerably. (Colours).

PEACE, JIM—Half. A regular on last year's team. This season the kicking and catching half. When in possession of the ball Jim proved a very fleet and tricky runner. Should develop a more sympathetic attitude towards the other players. (Colours).

PEACE, JOHN—Flying Wing. Also one of last year's team. Plunges well and tackles hard. When travelling at his best, John is a difficult man to bring to earth. Hasn't quite enough team co-operation.

PEARSON—Inside. Was one of the year's finds. At the beginning of the season "Duke" was scarcely heard of, but by continuous hard work and a fighting spirit, brought his avoirdupois to the place where he could use it most effectively.

SITWELL—Outside. Turned out to be a hard-hitting tackler. Injuries during the season somewhat cramped his style, but another year at football should put him in the same class as the best.

STEPHENS—Sub Outside. Looked promising at the beginning of the season, but his lack of weight and experience mitigated his usefulness. Doubtless will improve with more playing.

TEMPLETON—Sub Half. Has the makings of a good half just as soon as he learns to put a little more fight into his playing. Has a certain latent ability for the backfield.

TOLLER—Sub Outside. Fred was another player who was new to the game, but was determined to learn the art. Showed up well on one or two occasions by making spectacular tackles. A hard fighter who lacked only a knowledge of what to do at the right time.

WALTON—Sub Inside. Perfectly willing to give his best, but was lacking in experience and polish. Will eventually develop into a good player.

CLARK, DON.—Manager. Don was a member of last year's team, but was not allowed to play this season because of doctor's orders. His contribution to the success of the rugby season can hardly be over-emphasized. In addition to the details which require attention in connection with a team, Don never spared himself when it came to looking after the bruises and the ills of the players.

JEFFRIES—Sub. Half. Works hard and is conscientious. Not at all sure of himself. With more practice and a little self-confidence should round out into a good player.

R. H. P.

Sells McGuire: Yes, I'm quite an athlete, I took a prize at L.C.C.I.

Frank Babb: Sure, but if I remember correctly they made you put it back, didn't they?

Mr. Perry (to the first form): There is some one in this class who is making a fool of himself; when he finishes I will commence.

Mr. Daly: No, Clarke, you must not say "I ain't goin'" you should say "I am not going," "you are not going," "he is not going," etc.

Bill: Gee! ain't nobody going.

"Everything comes to him who waits," said Sorley as he stroked his upper lip.



Back Row—MR. F. ST. L. DALY (Coach), L. JEFFRIES, D. CLARK (Manager),
A. TARR, G. WALTON, C. GOULD, R. MONCUR, MR. R. H. PERRY (Ass't Coach).

Middle Row—D. THOMSON, J. CANDLER, F. TOLLER, J. CLARKE, S. CORYELL, B.
CUMMER, J. SORLEY.

Front Row—D. CODY, F. BABB, W. ORMOND, A. HAY, L. GREAVES, J. STEPHENS.

Second Team

Not to every one is given the thrill of a fifty-yard end run or a perfect drop-kick to the accompaniment of the plaudits of the cheering stands. Not to every one is given the honour of representing his school or college on the first team. But in spite of the fact that there is less spectacular glory attached to their task, it is the privilege of the second team to assist their more talented class-mates to develop a team that shall worthily represent their school, and perchance,—in the years that come after, to themselves take places that they have earned by faithful service on the "seconds."

To this group then, unrewarded by any colours, and frequently not considered by the onlooker at first-team games do our congratulations go for their fine enthusiasm and zealous service to the cause of 'better rugby' during our last season.



Back Row—G. HATCH, W. THOMPSON, V. OILLE (Ass't Coach), Mr. G. N. T. WIDDRINGTON (Coach), N. MITCHELL, V. FORSTER.

Middle Row—W. ALLAN, W. HARRIS, S. OSBORNE, B. TILLEY (Captain), S. BOND, A. HAY, R. PARTRIDGE.

Front Row—L. VAUGHAN, G. MUIR, C. PRICE, A. CARNEGIE, K. OWENS, H. BEER, E. McMAHON.

120 Pound Rugby

AT the start of the school year it was very pleasing to see the enthusiasm displayed by the members of the school, towards rugby. Although many of the younger boys had never indulged in the game previously they rapidly acquired a primitive knowledge and the "hows" and "whys" of the fall pastime.

Practices began immediately, and the squad was divided into their respective groups. The task of building up a 120 lb. team, was centered around a few of last year's stars, and those who were not under the guidance of our two veterans of intercollegiate fame. Mr. Vernon Oille undertook the job of drilling some signals into the eager enthusiasts, and at the end of a fortnight the team made their first public appearance.

During the season such players as Tilley, Hay, Forster and Allan distinguished themselves and look like bright prospects for senior company next year.

During the season the squad was engaged in five major struggles with the following teams: Model School, Upper Canada College, and St. Andrew's College.

Line up:—Halves, Allan, Tilley, Mitchell, Forster; quarter, Osborne; snap, Carnegie, McMahon; insides, Harris, McGuire, W. D. D. Clarke, George Hatch, W. Thompson; middles, Bond, L. Vaughan; outsides, Price, Hay, Partridge.

V. O.



Back Row—Mr. G. N. T. WIDDRINGTON (Coach), J. DENNE, A. MACKIE, E. WALLACE, G. MUIR, J. MACDONALD, D. CLARKE (Ass't Coach).

Middle Row—G. LEGGE, L. STEPHENS, N. DELARUE, H. BEER (Captain), E. McMAHON, C. CHANDLER, J. HATCH.

Front Row—E. MOORE, R. PHELPS, J. TISDALL, A. LEWIS, D. ROSS, D. SINCLAIR.

100 Pound Rugby

THIS year, when school opened it was thought a good idea to organize a 100 lb. rugby team as there was a surplus of players after the senior teams had been formed. Don. Clarke took over the management of these young tigers who were eager for prey.

As the majority of schools do not send out teams under the 100 lb. limit, it was a difficult problem to arrange games for this younger team, but two games were played with St. Andrew's College, both of which resulted in victories for Pickering College.

The majority of these players although handicapped by their weight, are able to handle the "pigskin" with the skill of veterans, and providing they will add some flesh and bones to the present sum total, they face a bright career on the gridiron.

The line-up is as follows:—Backs, J. Hatch, G. Legge, Gav. Muir; quarter-back, N. Delarue, Don. Sinclair; snap, J. Denne, Ray Phelps, Jack "Lionel" Tisdall; insides, A. Lewis, Alex. Mackie, E. "Fuzzy" Moore; middles, Ed. Wallace, Jack Macdonald; outsides, Lyn. Stephens, C. Chandler; fly. wing, Capt. Harry Beer, D. Boston Ross.

D. C.



J. SORLEY



J. MILLICHAMP



W. OILLE



J. PEACE



D. CLARK

MANAGER



J. CLARKE

PICKERING COLLEGE 1929 FIRST HOCKEY TEAM



J. M. PEACE

V. OILLE
CAPTAIN

L. BELL



S. OSBORNE

J. M. CULLEY
HEADMASTERG. T. WIDDRINGTON
COACH

W. ALLAN

Hockey

OUR hockey season was thoroughly enjoyable, though we had no brilliant successes to report. The first team, under the captaincy of Vern Oille, just about broke even in the record of games won and lost, and with the exception of the games against the local High School, gave a good account of itself on every occasion.

On reviewing the available material at the beginning of the season, we decided that it would be unwise to re-enter the O.H.A., especially in view of our grouping last year with some of the outstanding junior teams of the province. We managed however to find some form of competitive hockey in a league formed with Newmarket High School, St. Andrew's College Second Team, and Bradford High School. We would like to take this opportunity of extending our congratulations to Newmarket High School on finishing the schedule in first place. St. Andrew's were second, ourselves third, and Bradford last.

The high spot of our season was a game with the Theta Delta Chi fraternity: their team included three members of the Varsity squad, O.H.A. champions, and though the score was 5-1 against us, we outscored them in one period, and four of their goals came in a four-minute defensive lapse in the second period; for the greater part of the game we were able to hold them, and it was certainly the team's outstanding effort of the season.

Generally speaking, the chief fault of the team was a lack of balance which was apt to reveal itself in unsteadiness at critical moments; the gap in ability between our veterans and 'rookies' was very marked, and the reserve strength of the team was inadequate. But everyone worked tremendously hard and nothing but the best was given by every member of the squad, while the improvement shown by some of the rookies was extremely gratifying.

The Games

PICKERING VS. ST. ANDREWS

After one minute of play John Peace in one of his spectacular rushes succeeded in baffling the S.A.C. goalie to score. This encouraged the team to play some good hockey. However one of the St. Andrew's dangerous rushes was successful and they managed to beat Clarke. John Peace scored again. During the second period both teams started an offensive. After 8 minutes of play Bill Allan knocked in a rebound to give us the lead. This was the only score of the period.

In the third session we showed a marked superiority over our rivals but the St. Andrew's net guardian stood up under the bombardment. John Peace scored on a lone effort after twelve minutes of play.

Pickering 4; St. Andrew's 1.

NEWMARKET VS. PICKERING

Our next game was with the Newmarket High School. Pickering were the first to score when Bill Allan batted in a loose puck. A few minutes later Newmarket tallied on a rush. Towards the end of the period Newmarket started an offensive and scored.

In the second frame both teams displayed some good hockey, neither team being able to score. And in the third, was demonstrated some ragged hockey during which Newmarket were able to count.

Newmarket 3; Pickering 1.

PICKERING VS. BRADFORD

On January 28, we played Bradford in Newmarket. In the first period V. Oille scored for the College on a long shot. Bradford evened the count after some strenuous rushing.

For fifteen minutes in the second period, both teams tried vainly to score. This stanza was full of fast and thrilling hockey.

In the closing frame John Peace gave us the lead, which we were able to maintain as Clarke was unbeatable in the nets.

Pickering 2; Bradford 1.

BRADFORD VS. PICKERING

Both teams started off on the offensive setting a fast pace. After many misses Vern Oille finally succeeded in crediting our team with a goal.

In the second session the teams gave a good exhibition of hockey as it should be played. The Pickering rushes pivoted by V. Oille were keeping the Bradford goalie busy. Finally Millichamp rushed the length of the ice passed to Allan, who made it a sure counter. The College boys commenced to take things easy and two goals were slipped in on Clarke. For a few minutes both teams kept up a terrific pace, but before the bell sounded Lloyd Bell batted in a rebound to give us the lead.

During the last period the College boys scored four goals to win decisively. John Peace accounted for two of these goals on lone rushes, while V. Oille and Bell added one each to their credit.

Pickering 7; Bradford 2.

PICKERING VS. NEWMARKET

On Feb. 12 we met Newmarket High School in a return engagement. From the starting bell our boys looked off colour and lacked team work. Of this game little may be said except "the better team won." The Newmarket lads succeeded in blanking us four goals to nil.

Newmarket 4; Pickering 0.

PICKERING VS. ST. ANDREWS

Our last league game was played on Feb. 18, when we met St. Andrew's College in a return fixture. From the starting bell in the opening period both teams displayed a fine brand of hockey. St. Andrew's obtaining the only counter of the session.

In the second period the play became more strenuous but Jim Peace managed to tie the score on a brilliant play.

The outcome of the game was in doubt right up to the last few minutes, particularly when John Peace scored to give us the lead. But St. Andrew's were able to run in two more goals, thus earning the win.

St. Andrew's 3; Pickering 2.

The members of the first teams are grateful to Mr. Widdrington for having devoted so much of his time to coaching them. His interest in the game and his encouragement have done much towards making the season a successful one.

K. A. C.

The Players

Vern Oille—Captain. Centre. A tower of strength both defensively and offensively. Was the leading goal-getter. Added to an already powerful shot an ability to 'pick the corners' from almost impossible angles. Generally fed his wings with good passes, though he occasionally fell down in this respect. (Colours).

John Peace.—Vice-Captain. Left Defense. The most colourful player on the team, his services being much in demand in Newmarket. His rushes were always both dangerous and spectacular, and his defensive play was much improved over last season. Needs to develop a backhand shot, and to give more passes. (Colours).

Jim Peace—Right Wing. Made a real job of this position. Checked his tendency to roam, and watched his man carefully. Enterprising, though unlucky, in front of the goal, and had the knack of generally being in the right place for a pass or rebound. Shooting erratic. (Colours).

John Clarke—Goal. Played some brilliant and faultless games, and was a big factor in the team's successes. Slowness in clearing occasionally marred his play, especially towards the end of the season. (Colours).

John Millichamp—Right Defense. The most improved player on the squad. Always effective defensively, his rushing became increasingly dangerous as the season progressed and he scored one or two nice goals in the final games. Combined well. (Colours).

Bill Allan—Left Wing. Despite his handicap of age, weight and lack of experience, he put up a consistently plucky and effective game. Watched his check carefully, and made steady improvement offensively, especially in the matter of shooting and following in for rebounds. Shows real promise as a 'play-maker,' and should be a big asset to the teams of the next two or three years.

Bill Oille—Right Wing and Defense. Showed lots of pep and fighting spirit all the time he was on the ice, and handed out some beautiful bodychecks on the defense. Inclined to be a clumsy skater, however, which marred his play on the attack, and occasionally made his defensive efforts look a little crude. Weak in shooting.

Lloyd Bell—Left Wing and Centre. A real hard worker who improved in spite the short opportunities he had to show his wares. He never quite found his bearings on the larger ice surface, being too much inclined to 'play the boards.'

Somerset Osborne—Sub. Goal. Did what little he was called upon to do very acceptably; in the midget games he showed that he is a real goal-keeper. Especially improved in meeting rushes. Inclined to be careless on long shots.

Jim Sorley—Left Wing. Weak ankles and poor condition combined to keep him on the bench too much, though in one or two games he showed flashes of real ability.

Ed. Minchinton, *Fred Toller* and *Stratton Sitwell* also played in one or more games, and showed ability that promises well for future teams.

G. N. T. W.



MR. F. ST. L. DALY (Coach), D. GRAHAM, J. STORIE, G. LEGGE, D. CLARK (Manager), T. FREER, E. MCMAHON, F. TOLLER, M. PEARSON (Captain), B. TILLEY, L. VAUGHAN, A. HAY, C. PRICE, W. HARRIS, MR. W. MCCULLEY (Ass't Coach), S. OSBORNE.

Midget Hockey

AT the beginning of the season it was decided to see what could be done towards the making of a Midget team. Practices were started as soon as the school returned from the Christmas holidays, and under the able coaching of Mr. Daly and Mr. Wm. McCulley, the team began to show promise. A game was arranged at the beginning of the season with St. Andrews, and the school was beaten. This defeat awakened us to the fact that there was something wrong and the practising became more intensive.

About a week later a Midget league was formed in Newmarket. The College and three other teams were entered and the games were played in double-headers every Thursday night. Some very interesting hockey was played, and some smart hockey ability was uncovered. Although the school did not come out on top, they showed great spirit, and in every way showed that they were far from being outclassed.

The team:—Pearson (colours), Toller (colours), Osborne (colours), Legge (colours), Tilley, McMahon, L. Vaughan, Price, Storie, Harris, Freer, Graham.

PICKERING VS. GRANITES

This being our first game in the league, the team did not know just what to expect in the way of opposition. Although the squad was decidedly nervous they put up one of their best showings.

Granites 3; Pickering 1.

PICKERING VS. MAPLE LEAFS

After faithful practice we were more confident in ourselves, and as the Maple Leafs were considered the weakest team in the league we commenced a strong attack. Our efforts were not without success, but only after a hard struggle did we emerge on top.

Pickering 2; Maple Leafs 1.

PICKERING VS. BLACK HAWKS

We now faced the Black Hawks who had not as yet been scored against in any of their league fixtures. Towards the end of the game Pickering put in two goals and tied the score. However the team became disorganized and were beaten. This fixture was by far the most unlucky for the College, as the game was in doubt until the final bell sounded.

Black Hawks 4; Pickering 2.

PICKERING VS. GRANITES

The College had to win all of their remaining games, if they expected to get into the play-offs. We went on the ice determined to win and did, defeating our former conquerors.

Pickering 3; Granites 0.

PICKERING VS. MAPLE LEAFS

Previously the Maple Leafs had suffered a defeat at our hands, but this game was a hard fought struggle from start to finish. The College scored a tying goal after 59 minutes of play and the game went into overtime. The Maple Leafs took advantage of the first break and ran in two goals to defeat us.

Maple Leafs 3; Pickering 1.

PICKERING VS. BLACK HAWKS

This was the last scheduled game and if the team had been victorious the league would have finished a four cornered tie. However we were unable to turn the tables on our superior rivals, and we came out on the wrong end of the score. The game was much closer than the score indicates. Our difficulty was that we were unable to play as a team in the critical moments.

Black Hawks 4; Pickering 0.

S. OSBORNE.



Standing—MR. R. H. PERRY (Coach), H. BEER, L. GREAVES, S. BOND, G. DOWLER, D. SINCLAIR, D. CLARK (Manager).

Sitting—J. HATCH, G. MUIR, J. DENNE (Captain), C. CHANDLER, A. LEWIS.

Bantam Hockey

AT the opening of the 1928-9 season, Mr. Perry, our able coach, found that of his last year's squad, four players had sought greater heights. Osborne, Legge and McMahon, former Bantams, had not only gained positions on the Midget Team, but had easily proved that they were among the best. The biggest feather in the Bantam's cap however, was that Allan, the star of last year, had earned a regular place on the first team.

Nevertheless, Mr. Perry was not to be discouraged by these losses. Among the new boys the grain was soon separated from the chaff, and three or four "finds" were unearthed. With these and the much improved old Bantams a team was formed, which had certain advantages over last year's squad, in that it was not a one-man team but a co-operating unit.

Besides playing two or three games with the lighter members of the Midget squad, the team took on five games with outside school teams. In every game the Bantams made a creditable showing, and in some cases did more than hold their own.

The games:—

St. Andrew's College at Pickering 2-2, tied.

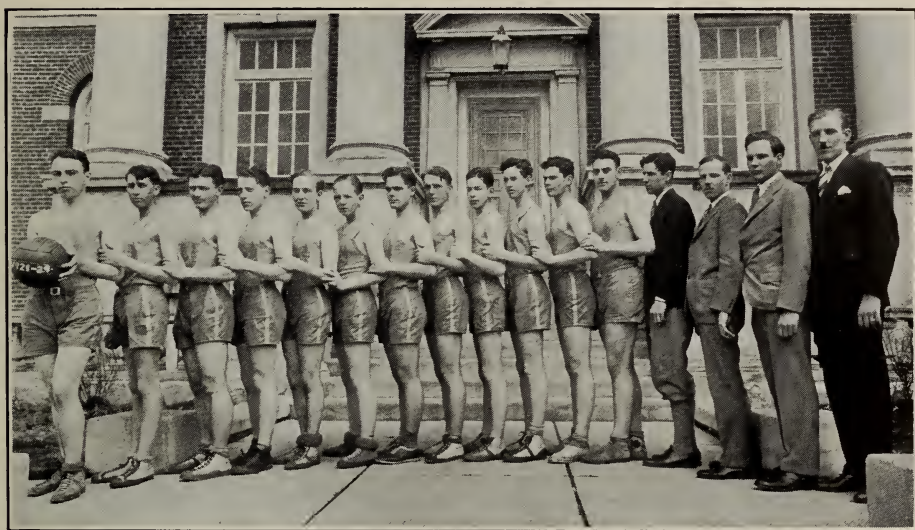
Pickering at St. Andrew's College 2-1, lost.

Newmarket Public School at Pickering 4-1, lost.

Pickering at Model School, Toronto 1-1, tied.

Model School at Pickering 1-3, won.

Basketball



S. MASON (Captain), S. NELSON, V. OILLE, E. MINCHINTON, C. GOULD, F. BABB, K. COWAN, M. DAVISON, A. TARR, R. DORLAND, G. KERNOHAN, L. JEFFRIES, MR. R. BLACKSTOCK, MR. T. C. SHORE (Coach), MR. F. ST. L. DALY, MR. J. McCULLEY.

WITH the able coaching of Mr. Shore and under the watchful eye of "Blackie" we were able to get together a very formidable looking team.

The graduation of several of our last year's stars was severely felt, particularly in the first game. However as the season lengthened our recruits developed greatly. After Christmas our captain and star centre player joined the squad and his presence strengthened our attack.

We again entered the North York Basketball League which included teams from St. Andrew's College, Aurora, Newmarket and Richmond Hill High Schools. We succeeded in winning all our home games but one, which we lost to St. Andrews. However our road games were not so successful as we won but a single game.

During the season we played six exhibition games of which we won five and lost one. We were fortunate in securing two games with Victoria College, one of which we won. The other games were with teams from the University of Toronto Schools Juniors, the Phi Delta Theta, and Sigma Chi fraternities, and St. Andrew's College.

We are greatly indebted to Mr. Shore and Mr. Blackstock who willingly undertook the task of coaching and training the team. As basketball is a major sport, the success of the team was due mainly to their efforts.

BABB. Played either guard or forward. Made a creditable showing. With this year's experience should become a valuable asset to next year's team.

COWAN. One of the old guards; with the virtue of steadiness but not brilliance. Lacks only speed to become a sterling performer.

DAVISON. First year basketball but an effective and reliable player. A steadying influence on the defence and at all times an aid to the team spirit. (Colours).

DORLAND. Youthful prodigy. Showed marked improvement throughout the season. If age brings ginger should be a forward of merit.

GOULD. At times inclined to be a little slow and careless. Worked hard when his feet and his legs and his wind were all in good order simultaneously. A forward, spasmodically playing quite good basketball.

JEFFERIES. Somewhat weighty. An occasional absentee from practice. At centre his height proved his best offensive weapon. A dangerous man under the basket.

KERNOHAN. A guard of some vigour. Leading scorer for the defence; netting seven points. Easy going until aroused. Irish.

MASON. Centre; captain. A hardworking tricky player, the backbone of the team and pivot of the offensive. His experience gave that punch and steadiness to the play, which are essential in a good team. (Colours).

MINCHINTON. One of the juveniles of the team. Handles himself well and shows promise of being a good forward. This year lacked condition and scoring punch.

NELSON. Fighting spirit overcame the handicap of size. A persistent, close checking guard. Turned in some very creditable games. (Colours).

OILLE. An aggressive player fitting in well on the forward line. Handicapped by inability to attend practices owing to hockey. Always a scoring threat.

TARR. Another rising star. A bit lackadaisical. Inexperienced but with practice and proper coaching should become a first-class forward.

MR. BLACKSTOCK. Owing to his consistent tutoring the team developed considerably. His insistence on rules resulted in better basketball. Did well with the material at hand.

MR. SHORE. Officially manager gave liberally of his time and energy to numerous details. The team benefitted by his interest and valuable advice.

MR. DALY. Though not officially attached to the team Mr. Daly gave much valuable assistance to the team by being on hand at many practices. Often filling in on the second team and showing the forward line the way the game is played at Varsity. The team owed much of its style to "Buzz."

If you are caught in hot water, be nonchalant, take a bath.

Stephens: "Can I be of any help to you?"

Campbell: "No, I'm trying to think."

George thinks he's a bargain because he's half off.

Badminton

BADMINTON is rapidly becoming a very popular game everywhere and during all the seasons except possibly the summer, when tennis has its fling. Badminton has all the dash, speed and flash of tennis but it lacks the attraction that the out-of-doors gives tennis.

During the Fall Term the enthusiasts played a few games. A new net added to the pleasure of playing. Many beginners took up the game for the first time. Early in the Winter Term a progressive ladder was arranged but not greatly used. No tournament has been arranged or played as yet.

It is generally conceded that Chas. Gould is the best player amongst the students. "Tuxer" did not play as much this year as last but his game is still as good as ever. He provides a good many laughs for his opponent with his verbal disgust whenever he happens to miss a "smash."

Bob. Rourke plays the best and most consistent game amongst the members of the staff. "Buzz" Daly and Blackie provided him with some rather stiff opposition at times but "Robert" usually manages to keep his place playing his usual tricky game.

Gren. Legge easily kept off his opponents in his group. However, with a little more practice and experience some of the Intermediates will develop into good players.

Miss Ancient is the best of the lady players, even though she hasn't many opponents at the College of her own sex. She quite gamely takes on the boys and gives them good games.

Quite a number of visitors used the court at different times throughout the year.

"BLACKIE."



Hulme and Forbes, ski-hikers, are welcomed at Newmarket.

Skiing

DU E to the severe competition offered by the major winter sports of hockey and basketball, skiing has been forced more or less into the back-ground at Pickering College. Unfortunately, the country surrounding the school is not very suitable for this excellent sport. The hills are few and far between, and the majority of these, even, are so precipitous as to be quite dangerous, although to such intrepid souls as Dowler and McGuire they hold no terrors unknown. Then too, weather conditions this year have not been particularly conducive. Until well on into February, there were but few snowfalls, and the snow did not remain long with us. However, in spite of all these adverse circumstances, quite a number of the lads, chiefly of the intermediate group, were to be seen venturing forth on a bright, crisp, sunny afternoon to partake of that rare thrill, consisting of a queer sinking sensation in the pit of the stomach, seemingly offered by two things alone—a rapidly descending elevator, and skiing. But perhaps we do them an injustice. It may be that a long, tedious day has been spent in the classroom where the poor student was harassed on every side by questions of insurmountable difficulty in Physics, History, Latin or French. To forget it all—and how well does he oft succeed!—the lad betakes himself across country on the long blades, meantime pondering on problems, to him of cosmic importance.

On February 15 a treat was accorded to every true lover of skiing when he witnessed the triumphant entry into Newmarket of those two great men of the north, Hulme and Forbes, en route to Toronto on skis to claim their well earned prize money. Who knows but that some day we may read about Jackie Tisdall and Alex. Lewis skiing across the Sahara to claim as their prize a vat of “pop” and a carload of “hot-dogs.”

To those interested in skiing and snow-shoeing a real opportunity for a good outing was offered on Wednesday, Feb. 20 when the Eaton farm authorities very kindly allowed the Pickering boys to make use of the excellent hills and other conveniences. A truck was engaged to transport all those desiring to go on the hike, and some thirty-five seniors took advantage of the occasion. Closely squeezed together on the floor of the truck so as to avoid as much as possible a bitterly cold wind the party journeyed to and from the very picturesque spot where the Eaton farm is located. There two hours of good skiing were enjoyed at the end of which a very appropriate “afternoon tea” consisting of coffee and weiners was prepared at the open-air fire place. It was hoped that another such afternoon might be had, but the mild weather set in soon after, ruining these plans.

It must be said in conclusion that many boys did find a real source of pleasure in a short hike before dinner from which they returned refreshed in mind and body, and, what is more important, with a voracious appetite. Two enterprising lads, it may be mentioned, went so far in their enthusiasm as to forget even the dinner hour. Verily such is the greatest token of appreciation a boy in his 'teens can ever offer to a purely mundane activity.

T. C. S.

Tennis

WITH the opening of school, one of the first things that attracted our attention was the two splendid tennis courts on our north campus. This opportunity for a bit of clean sport and amusement was immediately seized by a more than adequate number of players. Tennis filled the gap between the opening of school and the serious organization of rugby. Interest was certainly not lacking if one were to judge from the scramble for courts after meals and school hours. I might also add here that, many a time and oft an enthusiast of this exhilarating game, was disappointed by finding the line-up too great to get in a game when he had a few spare moments.

A tournament was arranged, but as it conflicted with rugby it was never finished. We have great hopes of holding another in the spring and everything indicates to it being keenly contested. Of course we will miss such great exponents of the game as Fred Hudson and Ralph Connor from our line-up but under the tutelage of Mr. Shore we should develop some fine material.

"TUX" GOULD.

Baseball

IN the Spring term our athletic program is confined chiefly to softball, on account of the close proximity of the June examinations. Last year three Captains were chosen, and they selected their respective teams to carry out a proposed schedule. After many hard fought games, Ralph Connor's team succeeded in coming out on top.

This year our three captains have already been selected, and a three team schedule is being drawn up. The captains are: Mr. Blackstock, S. A. J. Mason and Vernon Oille.

K. A. C.





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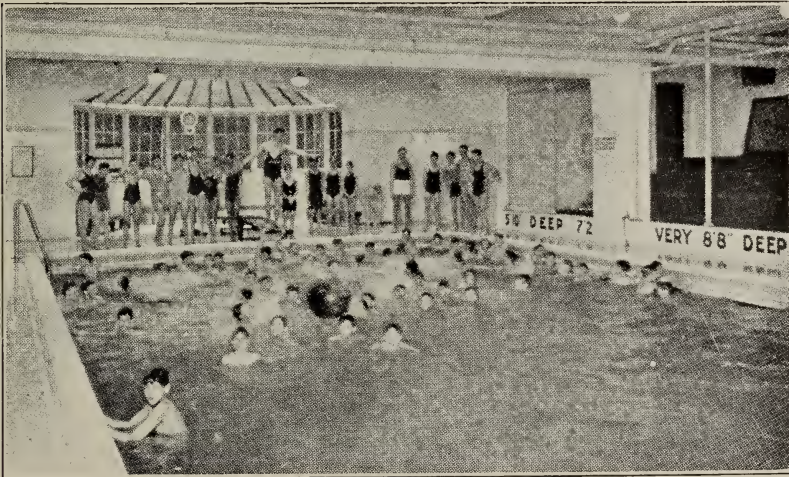
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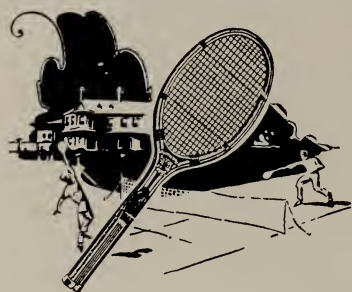
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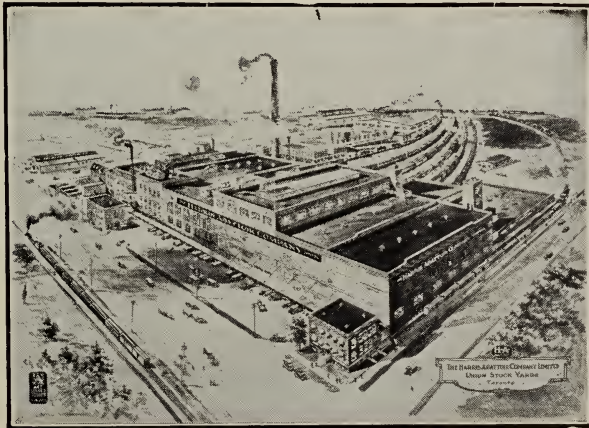
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